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Juvenile Instructor

1866

Vol. LI

DECEMBER 1916

No. 12

1916



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SALT LAKE CITY

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Designed Expressly for the Education
and Elevation of the Young

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, Editor
GEORGE D. PYPER, Associate Editor

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1916

Copyright, 1916
By JOSEPH F. SMITH
For the Deseret Sunday School Union



On Christmas

By Lydia D. Alder

'Twas just before the dawn of day,
In Palestine so far away,
A baby lay upon the hay,
On Christmas.

There was no room within the inn,
No sumptuous place prepared for Him
Who came a hostage for our sin,
On Christmas.

So 'mong the cattle He was born—
They chewed the cud or ate the corn,
Until the sun proclaimed the morn,
On Christmas.

And strangers come the Babe to see,
Brought precious gifts—a King was He—
And worshiped Him on bended knee,
On Christmas.

And children of that Christ-Child know,
Through all the years that come and go—
Each winter brings the heavenly glow,
On Christmas.

How eagerly they gather 'round,
To hear when Christmas joys abound
About the Babe the shepherds found,
On Christmas.

How in the fields they heard a song,
That seemed to be the skies among—
Angelic voices of a throng,
On Christmas.

And that an angel said to them,
"Haste up the steps of Bethlehem
The lowly One see there 'mong men,"
On Christmas.

They saw the Babe upon the hay - -
Asleep, He in a manger lay—
And lo, it was the dawn of day,
On Christmas.

This story of the Holy Land,
And singing of the angel band,
Will ever live while earth shall stand,
Of Christmas.



Botticelli, 1447-1510.

MARY, THE INFANT JESUS, AND JOHN THE BAPTIST

After the Picture in the Royal Gallery at Dresden.



ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. LI

DECEMBER, 1916

No. 12

How the Spirit of Christmas Came

By Nephi Anderson

Had the whole town deliberately planned to annoy Gilbert Hilman on that day before Christmas? He thought so, and he resented it.

It began early in the afternoon. Gilbert was in the yard, doing chores. Tom Mead, his nearest neighbor, came sauntering cross-lots, and, resting his arms on the top pole of the fence, began in that drawling way which always irritated Gilbert:

"Morning—seems as though we're going to have real Christmas weather, after all." The speaker looked up to the clouds on the hills which threatened snow. Gilbert was cutting a big slice from the haystack. He went on with his work without replying to his neighbor's "fool remark about the weather."

"Say, Gil," continued Tom, "my horse, Blackie, is lame. I can't find out what's the matter with him; an' it's mighty awkward for me just now on account of the running about I have to do on these Christmas doings."

The knife went vigorously into the stack: Gilbert knew what was coming.

"I was just wondering if you had a horse to spare for a couple of hours."

"I've Old Bill—when do you want him?"

"This afternoon—I'll—"

"Well, come and get him when you want him. He's in the stable."

Gilbert disappeared in the cow-shed with a fork full of hay. The neighbor walked slowly back, whistling softly to keep his anger down and his courage up: Old Bill was a worn-out "plug" which, to sit behind, would disgrace such a discriminating horseman as Tom Mead.

Gilbert finished his feeding. As the snow was surely coming soon, he stopped at the wood-pile on his way back to the house, and gathered up an armful of wood which he carried to the shanty near the house and carefully stacked in a corner. Then he pulled off his heavy, soiled boots, slipped off his overalls and hung them with his cap on a nail. He washed his face and hands, and gave a brush or two to his hair. When he went within, he left all barnyard sights and smells without. He cooked and ate his dinner; washed the dishes; then tidied up his room, which he did with the skill of an experienced housekeeper.

Replenishing the fire in his living room, Gilbert seated himself by the table with a book. Presently, a knock came on the door. Gilbert never said "Come in" without knowing whom he was bidding to enter; the neighbors' boots were usually very muddy. He opened the door. Two boys in sweat-

ers and caps, each with a big basket, stood before him.

"We've come for Christmas donations," said one.

"Donations? What do you want?"

"Oh, anything—potatoes, or apples, or sugar—"

"Or money," added the other boy.

"Who's it for?"

"Why, for the poor, of course."

"The poor? Huh, are there any poor about here?"

"Well, not close about here, but out in Stringtown they say there are a lot."

"Well, what do you want? Will apples do?"

"We've got a lot of apples."

"An' apples are cheap, this year," again remarked the other boy.

"Apples are cheap, are they? Then, you'll get none from me. Have you any carrots?"

"No; but—"

"Then I'll give you some carrots—come on."

They went to the potato-pit in the yard, where the carrots were also kept. Gilbert filled the two baskets, stacking them nearly to the handle. The man actually chuckled with delight when he saw the rueful look on the boys' faces as they lugged away the heavy load.

"There you are," he said to them, "those are fine carrots, I tell you; and they'll go well with soup, you know."

When Gilbert got back to the house, the rural mail delivery man was at the door. He left quite a bundle of papers and magazines, and two letters. One of the letters was from the local Building Committee, reminding him that his donation to the Meeting-house fund was overdue. Would he kindly remit at once, as they were in need of money to pay for the new seats recently installed for Christmas. Gilbert scowled as he read the letter. "What's the matter today?" he muttered; "horses, carrots, money—give, give! This Christmas business is the biggest graft of the year. Well, of

course I'll pay, but they'll have to wait until January first." This was because of a matter of a little interest at the bank.

For an hour he read his book before he was again interrupted. Then there came a timid knock. Gilbert looked up and saw it was little Willie Stanger, who always wore rubbers, which he took off at the door.

"Come in, Willie," said Gilbert.

The boy came in, closed the door behind him, and stood silently with cap in hand.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the man.

"I came to ask you for a little donation for Sunday School," began Willie in a timid voice.

"A donation? Why, I gave you a nickel some time ago for that purpose. How's this?"

"You see, this is special. The Sunday School's getting up an entertainment for the children tomorrow; and this is for the party."

"But I'm not going to the party, Willie. Let those who go pay for their fun." The man turned to his book again, but he watched the boy out of the corner of his eye. Willie was evidently struggling with something more which he should say.

"Sit down, Willie," suggested Gilbert.

"No sir—I—I came because I thought you would *like* to give."

"Like to give? Do you *like* to give away your money?"

The question puzzled the boy for a moment. Then his face lighted as he said: "Yes, I do like to give away my money—that is, it's hard to at first, but when it's done, I feel so good afterward."

"Who sent you here, Willie? You're not one of the Committee."

"Oh, no; mother sent me. She said as how it is 'more blessed' to give than to receive. I don't quite understand that, but I guess it's true if mother says so. You, of course, understand that."

The boy seated himself. His own talking seemed to give him more courage. He went on, "Mother said as how you ought to have a chance to give today."

"She did, eh? Well, I'm having my chance. But why should I be picked out for this blessing?"

"Oh, you're not the only one—I've a lot more to call on; but you 'special-ly, for you see, you haven't anybody to give to—no father nor mother, no brother nor sister, no children—gee, you must be awful lonesome living here all by yourself."

Gilbert Hilman arose, poked the fire in the stove, then looked out of the window. The room was very still, and the silence seemed long to the little boy; but he was determined to stay until he got his nickel.

"Well?" at last inquired the collector.

"You're a sticker, aren't you. Here's your money. I'll make it two nickels, because, you know, Willie, I want to be twice blessed."

"Thank you, sir," said Willie as he passed out.

The short winter day closed suddenly with the coming of the storm. Gilbert had no more chores to do, so he drew down the blinds, prepared a simple supper, and after eating it in silence and alone as usual, he tried again to settle himself to a book. But that evening it was hard. To be alone on Christmas Eve is the most lonesome thing in all the world, and Gilbert Hilman was alone. On any other evening he could have gone out to some neighbor, or even to the big city not far away. He could have found company that would have welcomed him and made him forget; but on Christmas eve all the families of the earth gather around the altar of home, and intrusions are not welcome: and this was all the home he had. It was comfortable enough as a house, but it was only a bachelor's retreat, not a home. Since his parents had died, some ten years ago, he had devoted

all his time to the business of the big farm which they had left him. And now he had money in the bank as well as credit if he wanted it, but he had gradually grown out of touch with his neighbors, and he seemed to live for himself alone. All his doings had become painfully mechanical. At times during this slow transformation, Gilbert had suffered from heart-hunger, as he was suffering that Christmas Eve. As far as he knew, not a man or a woman, chick or child within a hundred miles of him had one thought, pleasant or otherwise, for him. And with perhaps one painful exception, none but his sainted mother occupied his mind. Willie Stanger had reminded him of his utter loneliness that very evening.

Everything was very still about Gilbert Hilman's house: neither cat nor dog found welcome there. He became restless. Should he go to bed? Presently, he heard voices. He snapped out the light, went to the window and opened it. The storm had ceased, leaving a light covering of snow over fields and hills. The man drank in the cool, crisp air. Was there still another committee coming for donations?

Two women came down the road and stopped at his gate. "I'll not go in," said one to the other. "I'll go down to the meetinghouse and wait for you. Why, there's no light. I believe he's gone to bed already—it's cheaper in bed than burning coal. Well, I wish you good luck."

Gilbert, overhearing this remark, was tempted to remain in the dark, but he thought better of that, and switched on the light again, just as Mrs. Constance Davies, president of the Ward Relief Society, stepped up to the door. Gilbert startled when he saw her: she was the last person he had expected to call on him. Seven years ago, when she had chosen George Davies and married him in preference to Gilbert Hilman, the latter had cut her and all associations

with her and her class. George had died four years ago, but as far as Gilbert was concerned, the young Widow Davies was just Mrs. Davies to him. Gilbert stood so long in the doorway that the visitor at last asked:

"May I not come in?"

"Certainly; come in Mrs. Davies."

She entered, and he placed a chair for her. He sat on the other side of the table, littered just now with books and papers. Mrs. Davies looked about her.

"You have it quite cozy here," she ventured.

"I am comfortable."

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Gil—excuse me, it seems odd to call you anything else; you haven't changed a bit, you know, the last five years."

"You think so?"—Speech was always difficult for him, especially with women.

"You should go out more—you should go to meetings more—but I haven't come as a missionary. I have come to ask a favor."

"Yes."

"As you perhaps know, this is Christmas Eve."

"Yes; I have been reminded of it several times this afternoon."

"Our work on the Christmas Committee compels us to visit some poor families out on Stringtown. These, by some error, have been left to the last minute, but I can't see them neglected. I have come to ask you to help us."

"I? How can I help?"

"You can take us and our packages out there in your automobile."

The deed was done: Gilbert Hilman had been asked for the use of his automobile, that biggest, finest car which moved in shiny stateliness over the dusty roads of the village with Gilbert as the driver and sole occupant. Mrs. Davies had been laughed at when she said she was going to get Gil Hilman to take them to Stringtown in his car; but that young man was not laughing. He sat very quiet, with a strange expression on his face.

"We have no other way of going, unless we walk." She laughed quietly in her old way which he remembered so well now. "I hope it is not asking too much," she continued.

"I never take it out at nights and on bad roads," he said.

"But the sky is clearing, and the roads are not bad—and, and, besides it's Christmas Eve."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, we ought to be willing to do things at this season of the year which we might not want to do at other times—good things, of course."

"Why should we do things we do not want to do?"

"Because it's good for us—it's good training."

"Do you ever do things you do not like?" he asked somewhat sharply.

"Yes—I do."

"What, for instance?"

The smile vanished from the face of the woman; then, as if with a struggle, she brought it back again. There was a moment's silence. Then she said:

"Coming here and asking for your automobile."

"You didn't like to." He tapped the table nervously with his fingers. "You surely are outspoken, Mrs. Davies."

"I can be with you, I am sure. We understand each other pretty well. Besides, you asked me a pointed question, which I answered."

"Well, as you say, doing what you don't like to do is good for one. Now, suppose you should leave without getting what you came for. You wouldn't like that."

"No; of course not."

"Then, according to your own philosophy, that would be good for you," he said somewhat exultingly.

"I'm not thinking of what is good for me, Gil," she answered in a gentle tone. "And let me tell you further, you are mistaken in thinking it would be difficult for me to leave without getting what I came for. I'm doing the *hard* thing right now—this re-

maining here when I am not wanted—that's hard, but I am consistent with my philosophy yet."

"And you are persistent, too," he added in a somewhat more pleasant mood.

"And I'm not greedy, either, Gil. If there's a blessing from doing a hard thing, I want to share it with you. If it's as hard for you to help me in this matter as it is for me to ask you, why then we both have something handsome coming to us."

Even though Gilbert Hilman was a "confirmed bachelor" he was a good deal of a man at heart. At this stage of the conversation, his mind went through a rapid process of readjustment. He arose.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said. "I am at your service. Where are your packages?"

"At the meetinghouse."

"You remain here. I'll drive up to the door, so you need not get out in the snow."

In a few minutes the big auto wheeled out of the yard and down to the meetinghouse. Bundles were lifted in, and Mary Hill also climbed into the back seat with Mrs. Davies. Then they sped along the road to Stringtown.

"How in the world did you do it?" whispered Mary.

"Easily."

Gilbert said but little, but Mrs. Davies kept up a stream of small talk. She was pleased with her success,—pleased that she had "shaken Gilbert Hilman loose." An automobile brings one to one's destination in a surprisingly short time, and before the ladies were aware, they were at Stringtown.

For some time they delivered packages. The driver sat in his auto, while the ladies went into the houses with their presents. The storm clouds cleared, and the moon came out bright. The world looked Christmas-like to suit the most exacting.

Many of the poorer people lived in Stringtown. Gilbert himself, when a

boy, had lived in just such a locality. He could not help thinking of those times as he sat waiting for his passengers.

"There is just one more," explained Mrs. Davies, "the Wills children. I doubt whether the drunken father is at home, but he might be." A small shack of a house down the road was indicated, and in a few moments they stopped in front of it. No light shone out of the windows.

"They've gone to bed," suggested Mary.

"They're not celebrating, at least," said Mrs. Davies. "Mr. Hilman, you'll have to go in with us here. The father is a bad man, and he might be home."

"All right. Where's their bundle?"

"We haven't much left; but we can't miss them altogether."

The callers knocked on the door. There was no response, so they knocked again. Then a boy's voice called, "Who is it?"

"We're Christmas callers. Is that you, Frank?"

"Yes."

"Is your father at home?"

"No; he isn't."

"Then let us in. We've something for you."

The boy could be heard climbing out of bed. Presently, there was a light, and then the door opened. The visitors walked in.

By the dim lamp-light the room was partly revealed. The floor was of rough, bare boards; the walls were grimy with soot; a rude table, three rickety chairs; a rusty cook stove, behind which stood a big box filled with sage-brush, chopped to the proper stove lengths. Sage-brush leaves and twigs littered the floor by the stove, a strong sage-brush odor filled the room.

The boy, Frank, retreated to the corner where he had hastily climbed out of his bed. In an opposite corner there was another bed, on which two children were asleep.

"Don't wake the children," admon-

ished Mrs. Davies. "Has Santa Claus been here yet?"

"No; there ain't no Santa Claus," replied Frank.

"Oh, but there is—we'll show you. Are those the children's stockings?"

Two pair of ragged stockings hung dangling on a string by the stove. They bulged as if Santa Claus had certainly been there with a lot of presents. As Mary and Mrs. Davies went to examine, the boy grinned.

Gilbert Hilman at first stood by the door, looking about him, in a strange way. Boyhood memories rushed to him and seemed to swamp him. He had to sit down on one of the chairs. In just such a room he had lived when a boy,—just as bare and as comfortless, but not so dirty. And the pungent smell of sage-brush,—that brought him back to those hard childhood days when he had to grub the brush from the hills and bring it to the house, there to chop it into lengths and carry it into just such a big box; and it took a big box to hold a small lot of the light wood. How poor they had been in those days, and how the father and the mother had toiled! He looked in the corner where the children lay. There was the straw tick and the patched quilt, the quilt which his mother had made from cast-off clothing. How heavy it had been! but it was warm, and he liked to cuddle under it on cold winter nights, for the sage-brush fire soon went out.

The two women were feeling the stockings. "I thought you said Santa Clause ha'n't been here," said Mrs. Davies.

"He ain't."

"Then what's this?" Instead of an apple, a potato was taken out of the stocking; then a lump of coal, and then a piece of sage-brush.

"Frank, Frank Wills, what have you been doing?"

The boy only grinned somewhat sheepishly.

"Did you do that?"

Frank nodded.

"Shame on you."

"They, the kids, would hang up their stockin's, an' that's all I had."

Mary went to the sleeping children, a little girl and a smaller boy. Despite rags and dirt, the dim lamp-light revealed a picture of innocent, childish beauty.

Gilbert looked at them. Was the little girl dreaming of a doll to be found in her stocking, in the morning, and the little boy a bag of candy? Something gripped the man's heart, as if it would be crushed. He was living again just such a Christmas Eve, when in just such a poverty-stricken home by such a rusty stove, he had also hung up his stockings in anticipation of Santa Claus' visit. He had crawled under his quilt early, and had gone to sleep. The father and the mother, lacking in the understanding of children as well as in the power to provide gifts, had permitted his older brother to stuff his stockings full of coal and potatoes. And so the next morning, when he had awakened and seen his stockings bulging, he had leaped from his bed, and with a cry of delight had dragged them back into bed again. Then—oh, then, the bitter disappointment! How he had sobbed out his heart all by himself that cold, gray Christmas morning! As he looked back over the years since then, he could recall no suffering that had been quite so keen as that.

The man walked softly over to the bed where the children lay sleeping soundly. He reached out his hand and gently stroked the little girl's tousled head. Then it was that the man's heart melted within him, and the spirit of Christmas, which had been lost for many years, came back to him and gave him its sweetest benediction. He turned to Mrs. Davies, who noted the change in his face.

"Have you a doll for the little girl?" he asked.

"No; we haven't."

"Any toy for the boy?"

"No; just some candy and apples."

"Listen: the girl *must* have a doll and the boy a trumpet and a train—that's what I wanted. They shall not wake to the misery which I once did,—not if I can help it,—and I can." He looked at his watch. "I'm going to town. Will you go with me or stay here? I'll not be long."

The two women said they would remain.

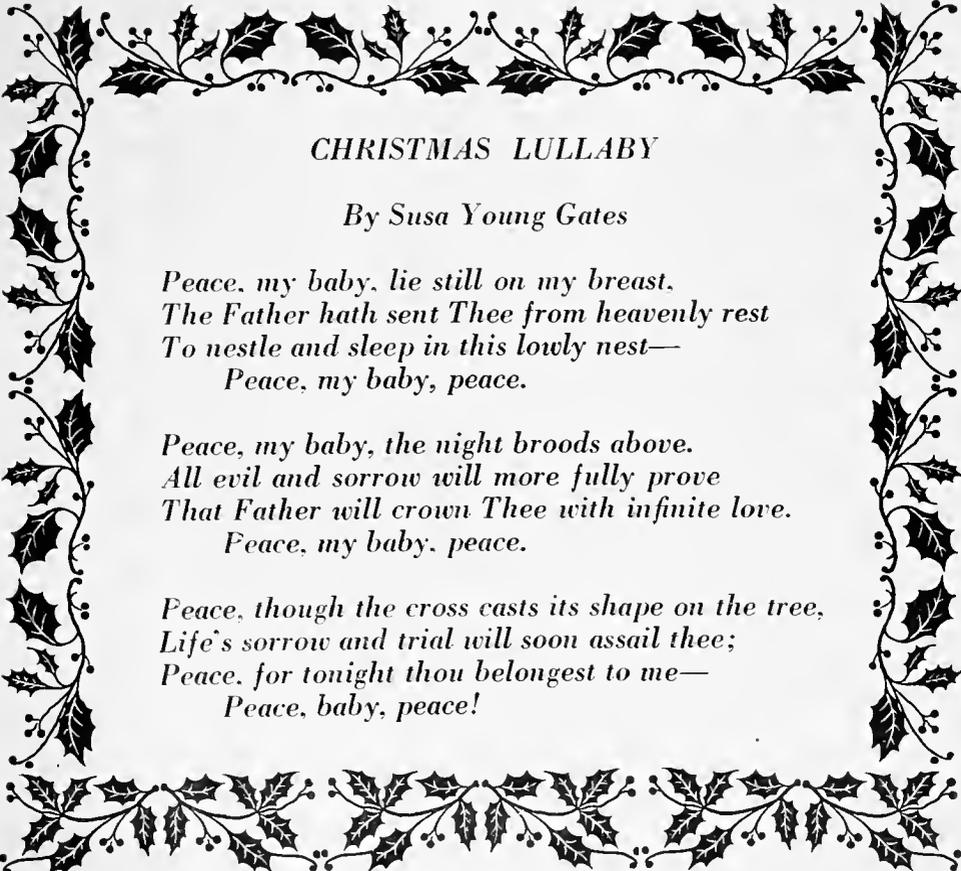
He went out, and in a moment the automobile was chugging down the road. In thirty minutes he was back with doll, train, trumpet, and a big bag of nuts. They stuffed the stockings nearly to bursting, not forgetting the short, ragged ones belonging to the wide-awake, grinning Frank. The doll could just get her dainty feet in the

top of the little girl's stocking, while the locomotive of the train could only poke its nose into the boy's. The two young women looked in wonder at Gilbert Hilman working as swiftly and as eagerly as any Christmas Committeeman. When they were through, Gilbert looked about the place with a strange expression in his face.

"Let us go," he said.

"Good night, Frank. Be good to the children, we'll come and see you again. A merry Christmas!"

And this is how the Spirit of Christmas came back to Gilbert Hilman. What more came back to him, beginning from that Christmas Eve, is quite another story.



CHRISTMAS LULLABY

By Susa Young Gates

*Peace, my baby, lie still on my breast,
The Father hath sent Thee from heavenly rest
To nestle and sleep in this lowly nest—
Peace, my baby, peace.*

*Peace, my baby, the night broods above.
All evil and sorrow will more fully prove
That Father will crown Thee with infinite love.
Peace, my baby, peace.*

*Peace, though the cross casts its shape on the tree,
Life's sorrow and trial will soon assail thee;
Peace, for tonight thou belongest to me—
Peace, baby, peace!*

Harriet's Gifts

By *Elsie C. Carroll*

Harriet Larimer sat at the kitchen table where her mother had left her shelling nuts a few moments before when she went to answer the front door bell. But the girl's hands were lying idly in her lap, now, and she was gazing out of the kitchen window which revealed a world covered with snow. It was the day before Christmas, but Harriet's face wore anything but a holiday expression. Her eyes were so blurred with tears that she could not see the beauty of the landscape outside; all she could see was a dreary picture of the morrow.

Until a few months before, Harriet had lived in a splendid house in a distant city surrounded by all the luxuries that money could buy. Then her father had suddenly lost his fortune. When he broke the news to his wife and daughter that they must give up their home his wife had suggested that they come out here to the little western town where they had lived in their earlier days. He had gladly accepted the suggestion.

Harriet had been sweet and sensible and had left her old home and friends without a word of complaint. In fact, she had really enjoyed this new life in the country and the making of new friends so different to her old ones. Not until Christmas drew near did she permit herself to brood over her misfortune. It was not because she would miss the splendid gifts that usually came to her on Christmas, but because she herself, would not be able to give. As far back as Harriet could remember Christmas had been the happiest day of the year for her, because she had been able to make so many others happy. There had always been long lists of widows and orphans she had remembered, people who but for her would perhaps have been unremembered. The weeks before Christmas had always been full of happy ex-

citement as she worked out her plans. But this Christmas she had nothing to give. So, instead of the happiest day, Christmas would be the most miserable.

Suddenly the girl wiped the tears from her eyes. She thought she heard her mother coming and she had been determined that her father and mother must not know how bitter she felt. She got up and went to the pantry for a dish. She heard her mother talking to the caller in the next room.

"John and I are perfectly contented here. When we were fortunate to get this same little cottage we moved into after our wedding day we felt like we were living our honeymoon over again. It is a relief to be free from all the worry and responsibility our money brought. But it is hard on Harriet. Especially now Christmas is here. She has always taken such pleasure in her Christmas giving. She is trying hard to be brave for her father's sake and mine, and never says a word, but we can see she is grieving her heart out all by herself. She has not yet learned that the most valuable presents a person can give are those which do not cost money."

Harriet hurried back to the kitchen, resentful with herself that she had not been able to keep her disappointment from her mother. That last sentence of her mother's came to her again now. The most valuable presents do not cost money. What could her mother mean? She had never seen a gift that did not cost money in one way or another.

Just then her mother came into the kitchen.

"Mrs. Durant called to see if one of us would distribute a few of the gifts for the Ladies' Sisterhood Club. I told her we would be glad to assist, so she left three. I would like you to take them, dear. A walk in the fresh

air will do you good. We are almost done here. I will finish up while you are gone and get ready for Aunt Maggie and Uncle Peter."

Harriet wanted to protest. She did not want to distribute other people's gifts; she wanted some of her own to give. She said nothing, however, but put on her wraps and came for the gifts.

"This is for Mrs. Jones' children," Mrs. Larimer said. "Poor things, it will be a dreary Christmas for them. Their mother was taken to the hospital this morning, Mrs. Durant says, and the aunt who is coming to care for them cannot get here until sometime tomorrow. This is a book for old Granny Brown. She still has her old hunger for books, even if her eyes are so nearly gone that she has to depend upon her busy and often thoughtless friends, to read them to her. And the other package goes to the crippled boys out in the Friendly Home. It contains some boys' games adapted for these little unfortunates. Mrs. Durant wanted to take them herself, as she says they need someone to play them with the boys until they learn them, but she has some unexpected guests coming this afternoon, so could not take them."

Harriet took the parcels and started on her errand. When she reached the Jones' home, the door was opened by twelve-year-old Laura. She had a woman's apron tied about her waist and a dish towel over her arm. The little room revealed the dreary disorder of home without mother, but the children's faces revealed it all the more. Harriet's heart went out to them and she tried to say all the cheery things she could think of. When she left them she hurried to Granny Brown's. The voice that told her to come in, when she knocked, was thin, and there was a pathetic quiver in it. When Harriet stepped inside, she was touched by the lonely picture Granny made sitting by the fire with her knitting, her only companion a maltese cat

stretched on the hearthstone. Granny seemed touchingly grateful for the remembrance from the club, and begged Harriet to stay a little longer.

When the girl walked from the little house her mother's words came to her mind again. The most valuable gifts are those which do not cost money. She was beginning to see what the words meant.

She gave the last package to the matron of the boys' home. When she was going out, a door opened into the hall through which she was passing, and she had a glimpse of a long line of palefaced little fellows with big wistful eyes. What they need most, Harriet found herself thinking, was to be made to laugh and play like other children. Oh, her mother was right about the best gifts, after all. The girl's steps quickened. Her heart was beating happily as a beautiful plan began to form in her mind. She would have a real Christmas after all.

When Harriet reached home, she ran to her mother and exclaimed, "Mother, may I have today and tomorrow all for myself?" Mrs. Larimer looked up in surprise at the strange request, but smiled happily as she noticed the change in her daughter's face.

"You will have Uncle Peter and Aunt Maggie and will not really need me," Harriet went on excitedly.

"Of course you may have the day, dear, but I don't understand."

"Well, I'm going to give a little of myself for my Christmas presents. Those poor little Jones kiddies! Think what their Christmas would be with a wagonload of gifts from a charity club, without their mother. What they need is mothering and I'm going to do it for them. I'm going right now, if you didn't mind." Mrs. Larimer kissed her daughter and Harriet hurried upstairs to pack a small parcel before she left.

When she reached the little home she had a glimpse of the interior as she passed the window. Little Laura

was trying to revive the dying fire, tiny Jim was sitting stoically in one corner; baby Emily was clinging to Laura and crying for mama.

Harriet did not stop to knock, but opened the door and went in, condemning herself with the thought that these children might have had a desolate Christmas all for the want of a little human love.

The children looked up in surprise when she entered, but smiled in welcome when they recognized the kind young lady who had brought the parcel from Santa Claus to be opened in the morning.

Harriet soon had the fire blazing and the two younger children playing happily with their blocks before it, while the odor of ginger bread filled the room as she and Laura cut out gingerbread men and animals to go in the stockings. Later, she opened the box she had brought from home, and with little Jim, her delighted assistant, she popped a bag of corn she took from it. As she worked she talked happily with the children and the happiness in their little faces was a generous reward. Late in the afternoon there was a knock at the door. Laura ran to open it and Harriet saw her father standing on the step with a pretty little evergreen in his arms. Harriet opened her mouth with an exclamation of pleasure and surprise but her father cut her short.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am," he said, his lips smiling and his eyes twinkling. "I wondered if your children wouldn't like a Christmas tree."

"Thank you, good sir," Harriet replied, smiling back into her father's sympathetic face. "They will like it ever so much; won't you dears?" The children gave an eager affirmative, so the "Good Sir" brought the tree into the little room and set it up in the center of the floor. The children at once set to work stringing popcorn chains to decorate the tree and the rest of the day flew swiftly and happily by for them.

When it was bed time, Harriet tucked them into bed and arranged the gifts the club had sent, upon the tree. After tidying the house and making preparations for the next morning's meal she went to bed herself on a cot near the bed of her adopted family and was soon happily asleep, the discontent of the past weeks forgotten.

The next morning she joined in the little ones' first happy hour of Christmas gladness, then she gave them their breakfast and took them to the hospital to see the sick mother. The mother's grateful appreciation for what had been done for her little ones, was the sincerest gratitude Harriet had ever seen, and the glow in her heart grew warmer.

When she returned with the children they were surprised to find that the Auntie they had not expected until evening, had arrived. The children begged Harriet to remain, but she bade them good bye and hurried away with her other "gifts."

She turned her footsteps toward the home of Granny Brown. She found the poor old lady alone by her fire, with the cat in her lap.

"Who is it?" the old voice quavered as Harriet came into the room. Granny was unable to distinguish her best friends.

"I am Harriet Larimer. You remember I brought you the book yesterday from the Ladies' Sisterhood Club. I came over to see if you would not like me to read to you for a little while out of it."

"Oh, thank you honey, that I would. I was sitting here thinking, I'm afraid a little bitterly, that a book seemed a cruel gift to an old woman without eyes. But I'm ashamed of myself for the thought, for the sisters all know how I love books, but sometimes company is better. Sit down, honey, and tell me who you are and how you had time to, think of an old woman on Christmas day." Harriet sat beside Granny and told her story while she stroked the purring tabby as she lay

in Granny's lap. Then she reached for the book and soon the old lady was leaning forward eagerly drinking in every word that fell from the young girl's lips. Harriet thought she had never seen anything so pathetic and her eyes became misty more than once as she read on and watched the eager old face beside her.

"Granny, I'm coming to read to you twice every week," she announced as at last she put down the book and reached for her things.

"Oh, honey, if you only could! You don't know how much you would be giving of heaven to a poor old soul who is sitting almost in the dark waiting for the light of the other Dawn. If you only would, honey!"

"I will," and Harriet stooped to kiss the wrinkled cheek of her new friend.

Next she hurried to the Boys' Home. She was met at the door by an office boy and asked to see the matron.

"I am the young lady who brought some games for the boys, from the Ladies' Sisterhood Club. I came to see if I might play with the boys for an hour or so." The matron looked a little puzzled but gave her consent and led Harriet to a long room where the boys were sitting quiet and sad faced as ever, even though signs of Christmas were in evidence. Harriet had a way of her own with strange children, especially with boys, and before she had been in the room a half hour the walls of the long room were echoing with shouts that were seldom heard in the big building, and the matron was peering cautiously in to see what it all meant. What she saw seemed to satisfy her for she tiptoed back and confided to her assistant that the queer young lady sure had a knack with the boys that most people lacked.

It was almost dark when Harriet bade the boys goodbye and left with their entreaties for her to come again soon sounding in her ears.

She walked briskly toward home. But just as she was about to turn the

last corner before coming to her own home she paused. A little house stood back in the lot. The window shades were not drawn and she could see an old man and woman sitting inside a small room. It was the home of the old man from whom Harriet's mother bought milk and eggs. Impulsively Harriet turned into the gate and walked up the path. She knocked upon the door before she realized that she did not know why she was calling here to these two old strangers. The door opened and the old man asked her kindly what he could do for her.

For a moment Harriet hesitated. In that instant her eye caught an old fashioned cottage organ standing in one corner of the room.

"I—I thought maybe you would like to have me sing and play for you," she said a little uncertainly. "You know you told mother, when you brought the eggs the other day, how you missed your daughter Janet who used to play and sing for you and her mother every evening. Will you please let me play I am your Janet for a little while."

"Why bless the kind lassie," the old man said as he drew her into the room and presented her to his wife, who rose unsteadily to receive her. Harriet went to the organ and for an hour she sang the songs she knew the two old people would love. When she arose to take her leave both old faces were shining and Harriet knew she had never felt so happy in her life. She bade them goodnight and hurried home.

She found her father and mother sitting alone by the open fire. She dropped upon a low stool between them and reached for a hand of each.

"I've had a perfectly wonderful Christmas. Tomorrow I'll tell you all about it. I just wanted to tell you now, Mother dear, that I've found out that you were right when you told Mrs. Durant that the most valuable presents a person can give are those which do not cost money."

The Red Flaggers' Raid

By Ernest Clark.

The women and children had left the American colony, the men and boys having remained to protect their property from the merciless bands of roving rebels which infested that section of Chihuahua.

I, with several of my boy companions, was working at a Mexican town ten miles away. We had been engaged at this town for the summer as carpenters; and since there was no special need for us to return to our homes in the colony we continued our work.

One dark, cloudy morning, an hour before dawn, I was awakened by a loud rap at the door of my room.

"Who's there?" I shouted, as I arose sleepily and rubbed my eyes.

I recognized the voice of a young man from the colony as he hurriedly answered,

"Get out of there quick and come with me! The rebels have threatened to kill the Americans, so we're going to get out before they do? About a thousand are camped at San Diego now."

As he went to rouse the other boys, I hurriedly dressed and followed him. In a short time all the boys were ready to leave. Suddenly the messenger called out:

"Say, I didn't know there were so many of you. Mr. Romney told me three horses would be enough and that's all I brought."

Since there were ten of us, it was evident that three horses were not ample to carry us twenty or thirty miles into the mountains, as had been planned. After a brief discussion it was decided that if all could not go, none of us would leave.

It was still dark when the would-be deliverer rode away to reveal our decision to the fleeing colonists.

As we turned from watching his de-

parture our attention was drawn to a tiny flame in the distance. It was really about four miles away but appeared to be only a short distance from where we stood. As we gazed it grew brighter and larger. As several wooden bridges had been constructed along a railroad which led in that direction we concluded that the fire must be consuming one of them. But who could be burning bridges at that early hour. Since rebels infested the country on every side a most logical conclusion was that they were doing the mischief.

The threat to kill Americans and the subsequent burning of the big bridge so near did not cause any especially pleasant feelings to come over us. We accordingly sat up, nervously watching the fire and listening breathlessly for the sound of horses' feet as we expected mounted rebels to approach at any moment.

The morning dawned quietly, however, with no sign of rebels, except the smoking bridge in the distance.

We continued our work for several days without molestation; yet our friends had sent us no word as to their whereabouts and we were of course very much concerned to know whether they had reached a place of safety in the rugged Sierra Madres or had been overtaken and captured or slain by the rebels.

One morning, about a week after our warning, a party of horsemen rode slowly into town. Some were mounted on plump, shining horses, their riders having stolen them from wealthy ranchers in various parts of the country; others rode small, thin cayuses of the common Mexican type. The leaders of the band were attired in U. S. military suits, leggins, and wide brimmed hats of American manufacture; while the common soldiers

or volunteers sported tightly fitting Mexican trousers, old ragged coats or gay colored blankets, sandals and great Mexican hats. From the hat band of each hung a short red rag. This was the emblem of their party and gave them their name of Red Flaggers.

Having paused at the public watering place to refresh themselves with a drink, they made their way to a large department store. Since there was no other store in the town, a variety of goods were kept on sale. Halting at the front entrance, two of the officers dismounted and bade their comrades do likewise. Revolvers in hand they entered, followed by twenty or thirty of their band. Approaching the counters, behind which stood several frightened clerks, the officers pointed pistols in that direction. As they raised their guns one of them drawled out in Spanish,

"We've come to take whatever we want and if you interfere it will be the last time." Lowering their revolvers they began to help themselves, motioning to the others to do likewise. In the course of an hour or two the neat, well kept salesroom had been changed into a trash-pile. Several hundred empty shoe boxes lay in a jumbled mass of old shoes, old hats, dirty, ragged shirts, several hat boxes, numberless other card board receptacles and bits of crumpled paper.

While these dusky invaders supplied their wants, others of the army located the ware-house and with the aid of three wagons and many pack-horses, an abundance of provisions—corn, potatoes, coffee, rice, sugar, beans, etc.—were borne away to camp, some three miles distant.

When they had retired, we Americans emerged from our places of concealment to hear the story of pillage from our Mexican friends.

For three weeks succeeding this high handed raid the Red Flaggers continued their work of devastation and robbery. They made occasional

visits to the store, carrying away the greater portion of its contents. At times they stopped peaceful citizens in the street and relieved them of watches, blankets, straw hats, etc. They had gone to the colony, taken numberless sacks of flour from the mill; picked bushels of ripening fruit, wasting a great deal; shot down cattle and horses in the streets and left them lying where they fell. They had entered the stores and residences in the colony, appropriating articles of clothing and discarding their own.

At about nine o'clock one evening a small but brilliant light appeared away to the south, apparently on the railroad. Could it be a train? Certainly not, because the revolutionists had burned all the bridges for fifty miles in that direction. A low, rumbling sound coming from the region of the light told us it really was a train. The rebels must have constructed the bridges captured an engine and were now on their way to communicate with comrades in this part or probably to complete the work of devastation and consumption already begun. Nearer and nearer it came, the light flashing and growing larger. It was now quite dark and as the trains approached the rumbling increased and the rails glistened as the dazzling rays fell upon them. But why such a tremendous roar from only one train? Soon it whizzed past and drew up on a side track. It had hardly entered town when a second train arrived. Then followed a third, a fourth, and finally five long trains of box and cattle cars, with black mute objects seated on top, in doorways, and lying on beds made on rods underneath, stood side by side on the tracks. Our disappointment and fear were turned to joy, however, for the brakes had no sooner been applied than a great cry of "Que viva Madero! (Long live Madero) Que Muera Orozco!" (Death to Orozco) came from four thousand throats and was answered by a deafening cheer from the

natives who thronged the railroad yards. It was the federal troops who had come to deal the final blow to the rebels.

The day following, no revolutionist could be found; their camp at San Diego had been abandoned.

Connection with El Paso, Texas, by

rail, was soon reestablished by the federal troops and word came from that point that the men from the colony had reached there safely. Since no rebels now remained in our immediate vicinity we continued our work unmolested.

My Nap at Half-past Three

By Jessie Sundwall

My ma she makes me take a nap
 Most every day at half-past three.
 She coaxes me upon her lap,
 An' 'en she sings some songs to me
 'Bout birds, an' trees, an' skies of blue,
 'An' 'en my eyes they go shut tight.
 Some of her songs she makes up new,
 An' they don't always come out right

But anyway I go to sleep
 When I'd lots ruther run an' play;
 She tells me, Now, be sure, don't peep;
 You promised you'd be good today,
 An' little boys need lots of rest,
 When they are only four, you see.
 So I hug close an' try my best
 To take my nap at half past three.

Sometimes I'm playin' marbles, too,
 An' 'en she calls me anyhow,
 An' makes me come before I'm through.
 I almost think I'll make a row,
 'Cause all the bigger boys they stay
 An' don't go home no matter what.
 Sometimes I think I'll run away,
 An' 'en I think—I'd better not.

Ma says I'm cross as any bear,
 An' fore she'll let me have my way
 She'll lay me down and hold me there,
 An' make me take by nap each day.
 I think my ma is awful good,
 An' she sure thinks a lot of me,
 But still, I allus wish she would
 Forgit my nap at half past three.

Editorial Thoughts

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SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER, 1916

The Best Gifts

"I am just sick this Christmas because I have no means with which to purchase presents for my friends."

The above remark was recently made by a young lady who has been in the habit of giving small presents to her friends and relatives at Christmas time. We wish we could impress her as deeply

as we have been impressed with the aim of one little story published in this issue of THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—that the best Christmas presents are those that do not cost money. Did you ever stop to consider the truth of this statement? We wish every boy and girl would take it to heart. What comfort and joy might be distributed if everyone would take it upon himself to give *some personal service* to the needy at Christmas time; a few hours spent in lifting up the down-hearted, mothering the orphans, cheering the aged with songs, or visiting the sick in their homes or at the hospitals. If, instead of distributing gifts to those who do not need them, boys would form an axe brigade, say, and chop the widow's wood, or clean up her yard, how much real happiness it would give!

It requires money, of course, to purchase many comforts of life, and we believe that the baskets of the unfortunate should be filled to overflowing; but to those who are embarrassed for lack of means with which to buy unnecessary things, we say, bestow gifts of personal service upon those who are afflicted, cast down, depressed, or in need of encouragement, and you, as well as the subjects of your love, will have more joy and satisfaction than money can buy.

A Juvenile Monologue

I am just closing my fifty-first year and feel somewhat venerable. I am happy, though, that my fifty-one children, dressed in their pretty cover-alls,

are alive and well, and that they grow more valuable with age. I may question them upon every known subject, and they respond with helpful information and vigorous truth. Although they stand quietly and tastefully upon the homely shelf, yet they are always wideawake. They never sleep, and are always ready to give helpful uplift to all who ask them for information. They speak in terms poetical and musical; yet their precepts are practical and livable. Their sober words help to build up strong and good characters. In their eyes seems to shine the fire of eternal youth and out of their mouths come the wisdom of the sages. Their instructors have been the pioneers of the desert and the builders of commonwealths, whose teachings live in their pages. Their light has guided the feet of many, and their words have shaped the lives of thousands. Yes, I am proud of my children—my fifty-one precious Juveniles—but, while I have accomplished much, I

feel that my work has only just begun.
—THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Christmas

The silent skies are full of speech
For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of faith and love and fear.

But once the sky the silence broke
And song o'erflowed the earth;
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took
In Christ, the Savior's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which he came,
And forests' wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
Are vocal with his name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn;
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring
To the great song which greets the King,
Who comes when Christ is born?

—Phillips Brooks.

Christmas Bells

By F. H. Sweet

Solemnly, pleadingly, church bells are ringing
To us a message across the white snow,
Tenderly, lovingly, to us are bringing
Tidings that first were brought ages ago;
Tidings that make men's hearts
Soften and glow,
As on that Christmas day
Ages ago.

Joyfully, tenderly, church bells are chiming
To us their greetings across the deep snow,
Bringing fresh hope to the hearts that are climbing
Upward in search of that feeling of glow,
Such as the shepherds felt
Ages ago,
When they were called by the
Star's tender glow.



Teacher-Training Department

Milton Bennion, chairman; Howard R. Driggs and Adam S. Bennion

PLANS FOR 1917

Lesson for January, 1917

Brumbaugh's "The Making of a Teacher" will be continued through the year for one lesson each month. This plan should not, however, prevent stakes that have been conducting weekly teacher-training class meetings from completing this text-book in less time.

One other lesson on "The Preparation of the Teacher" will be outlined in the JUVENILE. These lessons will be divided into three groups of four lessons each. The first group will deal with the problem, "What it Means to Teach." "What it Means to Study" will be the subject of group two, and group three will deal with "The Personal Equation in Teaching."

A tentative arrangement of the twelve lesson headings is as follows:

Group I.

- (a) What it Means to Teach.
- (b) The Socialized Recitation.
- (c) Drawing Out the Pupil.
- (d) Connecting the Lesson with Life.

Group II.

- (a) Getting the Core of the Subject.
- (b) Supplemental Thoughts.
- (c) Judging the Lesson Value of Materials.
- (d) Organizing Ideas.

Group III.

- (a) The Measuring Scale.
- (b) Physical Characteristics.
- (c) Mental Attitude.
- (d) Spirituality.

In wards and stakes where weekly teacher-training meetings are held, the above lessons may be supplemented by such outlines or text-books as the stake Sunday School authorities may provide or approve.

Brumbaugh—"The Making of a Teacher"

Chapter 15. Train Up a Child

The reference in this chapter to the Mormon problem can well be ignored; it is but a manifestation of a popular prejudice that identifies Mormonism with the destruction of the home. There are plenty of good things in the lesson to talk about, so many perhaps that there is danger that no point will be sufficiently emphasized. To avoid this danger it is well to make a list of the important topics and consider them point by point.

We draw attention especially to the paragraph on page 84 under the topic "Teaching Symbols." The thought of this paragraph is summarized in the statement, "The end is self-guidance and self-control." Do not both parents and teachers too often overlook this fact? And is not this one of the chief causes of failure in religious and moral teaching? At what period of development are parents and teachers forced to recognize this aim of education or fail?

The qualities of character demanded of a teacher is another point that should be emphasized in the teacher-training class discussion.

What it Means to Teach

[By Howard R. Driggs]

A little spring bubbled forth in a certain mountain glen. It tried hard to make its way to the valley that lay below; but before it had gone far its waters were checked by stones and sticks and weeds and other obstacles that finally

stopped the stream and changed it into a bog or quagmire, choked with cress and other water plants.

A ranchman knelt one day to take a drink where the spring bubbled forth in sparkling purity. "What refreshing water," he thought, "I wish I had that spring nearer my ranch."

The next day he came to get it. With a spade he opened a channel out of the bog and led the waters a little way, then they went dancing down the canyon till they came to his cabin home. For many years they served him well.

Then came the people who lived at the mouth of the canyon. They had decided to install a water system to supply their little settlement. After purchasing the right to the water from the rancher, they laid pipes to the little spring and today it is serving a whole village with water for culinary purposes.

All I would say about what teaching really means is suggested in this little parable. The old notion, far too commonly exemplified in practice yet among us, that the child is a kind of cistern into which the teacher was to pour facts and rules, is fallacious. The child is not a cistern, a receptacle for information; rather is he a living spring trying to express himself. The business of the teacher is to open the channels of expression to childhood.

Every human being is being checked and kept from fullest expression of his powers by the ills and evils of life. Our work as Sunday School teachers is to help the child clear the way so that the child may give more beneficent and loving service to humanity through the channels of the gospel.

This cannot be done by mere preaching. To teach means to lead out, to stimulate mental activity, to inspire the pupil to think rightly and to act righteously. The best a teacher can do for his pupils is to stir in them a desire to express themselves, to solve their own problems, and finally to guide them to lives of usefulness. Power to express his thoughts clearly, interestingly, is an asset to the teacher.

In calling sharp attention to the common habit among teachers to "preach" the time away, it is not our intention to discourage teachers from cultivating the power to speak well. The teacher must have power over language to be most effective. Particularly should these three things be cultivated by every teacher:

1. Skill in story-telling.
2. Ability to explain a point clearly.
3. The art of questioning.

Let every teacher strive to perfect

himself in these and all else in language can be readily acquired.

The teacher is a translator. To stimulate mental activity, he must interpret the abstract truths into terms that his pupils can understand. He must meet the learner on his own ground and talk to him in a language that is clear, using illustrations that make the lesson vital. This was Christ's way. His speech was plain; His parables close to the common life; His thoughts were simply put; but they stirred profoundly all who heard Him. They stimulated thought, and roused men to action. This is true teaching, not preaching. No place in the records we have of the Savior do we find long, wordy sermons.

The teacher must be sincere, must put his heart into his work; otherwise, though he "speak with the tongue of men and of angels," he is but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." True sympathy which leads to intelligent understanding of child nature is requisite to success. Our work as Sabbath School teachers is largely to train the heart, to give the child intelligent emotional power; for, "out of the heart are the issues of life;" and the heart can rightly be trained only by intelligently sympathetic souls.

The true teacher is a constant student. Perhaps the greatest source of failure in teaching comes from lack of preparation; too many teachers kill the spirit of their classes by threshing out old chaff lesson after lesson.

This beautiful story is told of Longfellow, who was not only a great poet but a successful teacher up to the time his hair was white. A friend once asked him, "How is it you keep so young in spirit, so interesting in your classes?"

"Look at that old apple tree," said the venerable poet; "are its blossoms less beautiful than those of the young tree? The reason is that the blossoms grow on the new wood that the old tree manages to grow every year. That is the only secret I have about keeping my youth: I try to grow a little new wood every year."

This student effort should not be spent on books alone. It is necessary, of course, to know our texts, our daily lesson material; most teachers are faithful enough to study that part of their work; but too few know how to study the book of life—I do not mean here the Bible: I mean the life around us—child-life. If teachers were observant, they would constantly be filling their minds with choice stories and illustrations taken from daily life, to enrich and enliven their lessons.

It is studentship and leadership that makes for success in teaching. "Follow

me" was the Savior's slogan. Study the gospel with me; take the path of righteousness it points to; I will lead you. Let us work out life's problems together. This is our class; this is your opportunity to express your thoughts and feelings and to learn how to give your best in loving service to humanity. I am here to help you clear the channels, to open the way, to lead you "into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

Lesson Outline

1. What is the inner meaning, applied to teaching, of the parable of the mountain spring?

2. What is the old notion as to the work of the teacher?

3. Discuss this suggestion "Preaching is not necessarily teaching."

4. In what three phases of language should the teacher strive for skill?

5. What is meant by this remark: "The teacher is a translator?" How can teachers best make the abstract principles of the gospel clear and vital to children?

6. Discuss these suggestions: "The teacher should be a student of the book of life," "Grow a little new wood every year."

7. Apply the Savior's command, "Follow me," in two ways to teaching.

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JANUARY, 1917

(D. S. S. Songs, No. 28)

Again we meet around the board
Of Jesus, our redeeming Lord;
With faith in His Atoning blood
Our only access unto God.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR JANUARY, 1917

Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; Second, Repentance; Third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; Fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions; healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dic-

tates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: "We believe all things, we hope all things;" we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

Fast Day Exercises

For the Fast Day in January no uniform lesson is provided for the reason that all the time will no doubt be needed for making necessary promotions. It is suggested, however, that appropriate and seasonable songs be selected for the opening and closing exercises. Should there be any time left after promotions shall have been attended to, it might be devoted to New Year's topics and a general preview of the text books and lessons for 1917. Get the pupils enthused over the work ahead of them. The New Year's spirit should enter into all the exercises of the day.

Designation of Classes in Departments

Classes in the Sunday Schools shall be designated by the year of the outlined lessons in each department, namely:

First Yr. Kinder. Class	} Ages 4, 5 and 6
Second Yr. Kinder. Class	
First Yr. Primary Class	} Ages 7 & 8
Second Yr. Primary Class	
First Yr. 1st Inter. Class	} Ages 9, 10, 11 and 12
Second Yr. 1st Inter. Class	
Third Yr. 1st Inter. Class	
Fourth Yr. 1st Inter. Class	
First Yr. 2nd Inter. Class	} Ages 13, 14, 15 and 16
Second Yr. 2nd Inter. Class	
Third Yr. 2nd Inter. Class	
Fourth Yr. 2nd Inter. Class	
First Yr. Theolog. Class	} Ages 17, 18, 19 and 20
Second Yr. Theolog. Class	
Third Yr. Theolog. Class	
Fourth Yr. Theolog. Class	

Where there are a number of divisions in any class of any department, the designation should be section 1, 2, etc.

CLASS WORK FOR 1917

Kindergarten Department, First Year—New text book ready about January 1. Paper cover, 40c; cloth, 75c.

Primary Department, First Year—New text book for first nine months of 1917, ready about January 1. Paper cover, 40c; cloth, 75c.

First Intermediate Department—First Year, Book of Mormon. New text book written for the Deseret Sunday School Union by Wm. A. Morton. Third Year, "A Life of Christ for the Young," by George Ludington Weed. Special edition prepared for Latter-day Saints Sunday Schools. Cloth, 75c, postpaid. Now ready.

Second Intermediate Department—First Year, Church History. New text book, "A Brief History of the Church" (Nephi Anderson); revised and brought down to date. Cloth, 50c. Now ready. Third Year, "What it Means to be a Mormon." New text book written for the Deseret Sunday School Union by Elder Adam Bennion. Will be ready about January 1. Tentative price: cloth, 75c.

Theological Department—First Year, "Lives of the Apostles," text book written for the Deseret Sunday School Union by Elder E. H. Anderson. Ready early in January. Third Year, Old Testament. New text book prepared for the Deseret Sunday School Union by Elder J. M. Tanner. Ready early in January.

Parents' Department—"Parent and Child," Vol. III, new text book written for the Deseret Sunday School Union by Elder Mosiah Hall. Cloth, 50c. For cash, \$5 per dozen, postpaid.

The Department work will be continued in the Juvenile Instructor; but instead of publishing the lesson statements, the space will be devoted to Side Lights and Teachers' Helps.

As will be noted above, three of the text books for 1917 have already been published, and are now ready for distribution, viz.:

"A Life of Christ for the Young" (Weed), for third year, First Intermediate Department.

"A Brief History of the Church" (Nephi Anderson), for First Year Second Intermediate Department.

"Parent and Child," Vol. III, for Parents' Department. These books can now be purchased at the Desert Sunday School Union Book Store.

The manuscripts for most of the other volumes have been placed in the hands of the printers, and unless something unforeseen happens, we have every reason to hope that the books will be ready when needed. There is, at present, an unprecedented shortage of paper which has affected book making in all the world and this might cause a delay in delivery; but in such an event the lessons will be printed in the *Juvenile Instructor*.

Teachers, of course, know that under the present plan, success will largely depend upon getting the books in the hands of pupils. Failure in this respect means a failure in the class work. Teachers should devise plans to get the text books distributed. A few volumes in each class would be a great incentive to all members to purchase them.

Sunday School Outlines

The General Board has frequently been asked how closely the lesson outlines published in the *Juvenile Instructor* should be followed by Sunday School teachers. If all our Sunday School workers were professional or experienced teachers, it probably would not be necessary to publish any outlines at all; but a large number are young men and women inexperienced in the technical art of teaching. During the current year, lessons published in the *Juvenile Instructor* without the detailed outlines have brought forth many protests. It is evident, therefore, that a large percentage need the help afforded by the outlines. As to how closely they should be fol-

lowed, however, has been answered by the Board many times, and we refer our teachers to the old outlines which contain the views of the Board on the subject.

One outline has the following:

"The outlines and aims are suggestive; the subject and text imperative. By this we mean that as the teacher cannot understand the outline and aim as given, he may make his own outline to suit his own aim; but, in order to preserve harmony in the Sunday School work throughout the Church, the lesson for each particular Sunday should be the one * * * suggested."

Another outline has this:

"The outlines are but suggestive and for the teacher's guidance. If, after studying the lesson, the teacher cannot see the relation of the grouping to the aim suggested, she may modify the outline to emphasize other circumstances necessary to develop her aim. But the subject and text are not to be substituted by others."

Revision of Rolls.

Rolls should be revised but once a year, and then under the direction of the superintendency; no name should be stricken therefrom except in case of death, removal from ward or absolute refusal to return to the school (and as to the latter, only by direction of the superintendency), but at the beginning of the year the names of those members who have not been in attendance for six months yet who still reside in the ward and have not absolutely refused to return to the school, may be taken from the roll, and placed on the "Missionary list," and be made a basis for missionary work.

Made Stars

If there isn't any star within your sky,
 Pretend it's there!
 Why, a make-believe one, swinging white and high,
 Is just as fair!
 If you put it where you'll see it every night,
 Just where the sky's particularly bright,
 Your star is sure to guide your steps aright.

If there isn't any sunshine in your day,
 Why, put some in!
 If you've never tried to make your sun that way,
 Oh, do begin!
 This sunshine-making's hard, but you won't mind.
 Keep on; and when it's done, you're apt to find
 The homemade brand's the very nicest kind!

—*St. Nicholas*.

Sunday School Conventions, 1917

"Union does everything when it is perfect. It satisfies desires, simplifies needs, foresees wishes, and becomes a constant fortune."

The General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union suggests that the following stakes hold conventions, on the dates and at the places appointed.

Stake Superintendents should at once confer with their respective stake Presidencies, secure their approval of these appointments, and their hearty co-operation in making the conventions successful. As soon as the approval of the Stake Presidencies be secured, superintendencies of stakes grouped for convention work should hold a meeting, appoint the necessary committees, make assignments of topics, and make complete the convention program.

The superintendent of the stake in which the convention is to be held is hereby authorized to call this meeting, and to assume charge of preliminary arrangements.

January, 14, 1917.

Alpine, at American Fork.

Ensign and Salt Lake, at L. D. S. University, Salt Lake City.

Liberty and Pioneer, at Pioneer Stake Hall, Salt Lake City.

January 21, 1917.

Cottonwood and Granite, at Granite Stake House.

Jordan, at Sandy.

Nebo, at Spanish Fork.

January 28, 1917.

Box Elder, at Brigham.

North Davis and South Davis, at Kaysville.

Ogden, North Weber and Weber, at Weber Stake Academy, Ogden.

February 4, 1917.

Cache, Hyrum and Benson, at Logan.

Bear River, at Garland.

February 11, 1917.

Utah, at B. Y. U., Provo.

Bingham, Blackfoot, Rigby and Shelley, at Idaho Falls.

March 4, 1917.

Fremont and Yellowstone, at Rexburg.

April 1, 1917.

Oneida.

STAKE OFFICERS' MEETING

Sunday 9 to 9:50 a. m.

To this meeting the following are cordially urged to be in attendance:

Stake Presidencies:

Members of High Councils having been assigned to attend to Sunday School matters, and all other High Councilors who can possibly be present;

Stake Sunday School Superintendencies and Boards;

At least one member from each Bishopric, and the others, too, if they can attend.

Program

1. Roll (attendance to be marked by each Stake Secretary).

2. Song.

3. Prayer.

4. Topic: "How Stake Board Members May Become More Helpful to the Local Schools.

—Member of General Board.

Discussion.

5. Written suggestions on Teacher-Training received and considered.

6. Miscellaneous Topics.

7. Benediction.

DEPARTMENT SESSION.

10 a. m.

General Assembly. All stake and Ward Officers and Teachers are expected to be present, and others cordially invited.

1. Song.

2. Prayer.

3. Song.

4. Introductory (five minute address) Member General Board.

5. Instructions concerning details of convention work.

6. Marching to Departments. 10:25 a. m.

DEPARTMENT PROGRAMS.

A. Superintendents' Department (Including Librarians).

1. Roll Call.

2. "The Teacher-Training Class," (five minute paper).

(a.) Number of classes in stake.

(b.) Number held each month.

(c.) Interest.

(d.) Effectiveness

—Each Stake Superintendent

Discussion.

3. Topic: "Sunday School Work before Sunday School Begins." (Seven-minute paper.)

1. Preparation during week.

a. Pertaining to class lessons.

b. Securing attendance.

c. Arrangements Sunday morning.

—Local Superintendent

Discussion.

4. Topic: "School Government." (Seven-minute paper.)

1. How affected by

a. Despatch.

b. Reserve force.

c. Pupils' responsibility.

2. Methods and mannerisms to avoid.

—Stake Assistant Superintendent

5. Topic: "How Stake Board Members

May Be More Helpful to Local Schools."

—Member of General Board

6. Singing (when convenient).

7. Benediction.

B. Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

1. Roll.

2. Topic: "An up-to-date Secretary and Treasurer." (Ten-minute paper.)

Discussion.

3. Topic: "Reports." (Ten-minute paper.)

Discussion.

4. "Weekly Report System."

—Member General Board.

5. Benediction.

C. Choristers and Organists' Department.

1. Roll Call.

2. Topic: "The Making of a Song." (Paper, ten minutes.)

A chorister's efficiency is determined by his ideals of the essentials involved in the interpretation of a hymn or chorus, and his power to enforce those ideals. A song, a chorus, or a hymn is what we make of it, hence the importance of keeping in mind the essentials of good chorus work.

We suggest the following as among the most important points in the proper interpretation of a hymn or chorus:

a. Tempo.

b. Intonation.

c. Phrasing.

d. Rhythm and accent.

e. Dynamics.

f. Tone quality and blending.

g. Thought development as a means for the proper understanding of the text, and to aid in emotional expression.

Believing as we do in practical illustrations, we suggest a ten-minute paper by a capable person on "The Making of a Song," using the above suggestions as a basis of thought, after which a practical demonstration be given to illustrate and emphasize all the points suggested.

A suitable hymn or hymns should be selected using the members present as a chorus.

We very much desire to have these hymns made impressive by injecting into them the elements of good singing, and hope this part will be especially emphasized. Seeing a thing accomplished means much more than suggesting how to do it. The same person should write the paper and develop the song.

Discussion.

3. "Appropriate Music as a Means of Increasing the Effectiveness and Achieving

the Purpose of the Opening Exercises. (Paper, ten minutes.)

I. Purpose of music in worship.

II. Its effect—

1. On the individual.

2. On the body of worshippers. (This should be treated under both instrumental music and songs, and both should be compared with prayer.)

III. Purpose and great importance of the opening exercises.

1. To create a feeling of worship.

2. To prepare the mind and spirit of the pupil for the lesson to follow.

IV. This purpose can be achieved more effectively by—

1. The organist choosing appropriate selection for every phase of the work.

2. The chorister knowing the contents of the song book, and by keeping himself in touch with the calendar, the lesson material of the school, the weather outside, the dispositions of the officers and teachers and pupils on the inside—in a word, in being awake and keeping out of a rut in choosing songs.

3. Most of all, by choosing appropriate songs. (Should we not consider the small children and give them a chance to sing by selecting some songs they know and love? See the discussion under "V" below.)

4. Co-operation of the superintendency and teachers with chorister and organist to put into practice and effect the efforts and desires of the music department. (Our work is done under their direction and they should know what we desire and are trying to do. One of the best ways to promote a quiet and worshipful atmosphere would be for teachers to be in their places when the organist begins to play, and draw the attention of the pupils, large and small, to the music. This would make the pupil attentive and the organist particular.)

V. What songs are best suited to children?

1. Permanent effect of Sunday School songs on children.

a. Children's conception of God, Jesus, heaven, etc., often comes from songs. (Illustrate from actual experience.)

2. What should children's songs contain?

- a. A child's hymn should not be childish.
- b. Should not express feelings the child cannot understand—wanting to be an angel, to die, consecration, etc.
- c. Should express truth, real and actual, nothing imaginary.
- d. Should be simple, within the child's understanding.
- e. Should picture God as a kind and loving Father.
- f. Should express the pleasant and joyful things in religion.
- g. Should not be too doctrinal, and never gloomy.
- h. Should not speak disparagingly of the earth, or a desire to leave it at the earliest possible moment. "Life, more life and fuller" is what a child wants.
- i. Children should have an opportunity to sing the songs they can understand.

Note: "A child's hymn should contain such sentiment as a child can honestly and heartily utter, the metaphor should not be involved or violent, and the words should be arranged as nearly as possible in the order of common speech. * * * Few of us are able to put ourselves in a child's place, to share his mind, to tell to what extent the words and phrases of the hymns awake definite ideas. Nor have we any conception how small is the number of words that a child really and completely understands. These are the words which occur in his daily life; the names of common objects, animals, and people, with a few verbs to actuate them. Of the enormous supply of abstract words, of our common idioms of speech, he really knows nothing; he will read and repeat them, but they are as 'sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.' We can never hope for intelligent worship in song—singing which fructifies the life—until more is done to bring the hymns down to the understandings of the children."—Curwen, "Worship Music."

Discussion.

D. Parents' Department.

1. Roll.
2. General Subject: "A Live Parents' Class."
 - a. Preparation. (Ten minutes.)
Steps in studying the text—other readings.
Getting class to prepare parts.
 - b. Presentation. (Ten minutes.)
Preaching or teaching, which?
Feeding husks or corn, which?
Getting class to take active part.
How?

- c. People. (Ten minutes.)

Young parents: How shall we get them to attend?

Spreading the gospel of parenthood beyond the class. Best way. Use of library.

Note: One person may be given all of the three topics; but in general three different ones should be appointed. The time limit should be observed, however, in either case.

- 3 Open discussion by members of convention.
- 4 Summary—General Board member or other leader.

E. Theological Department.

1. Roll.
2. Topic: "How to Study a Lesson."

"The habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension, and memory all alert and awake, does not come *at once* to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues come to that interesting creature."—John Morley.

 - I. The essential quality of study is the absorbing of the spirit and message rather than the learning by rote of the text.
 - II. Methods of Study.
 - a. Preliminary reading of the text for a general survey.
 - b. Re-reading with pencil as adjunct.
 1. Underscoring words constituting thought skeleton.
 2. Making marginal notes relating to text or adding pertinent thoughts aroused.
 3. Sketching in note book topical outline of lesson.
 - III. Other helps.
 - a. The practice of interrogating one's own mind as to contents of sentence or paragraph.
Examples: Do I understand that? To what is that related? Of what significance is it?
 - b. Words, phrases and terms should be looked up in an encyclopedia or dictionary.
"If you read ten pages of a good book letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person."—Ruskin.
 - IV. Emphasizing the predominating thought or incident of the lesson.
 - a. Express in words that thought or incident being careful to observe
 1. Its moral, historical or doctrinal significance.
 2. End not attained by mere intellectual grasp.
 3. Spiritual insight, heart and soul culture the primal objects.

V. How are these objects attainable?

- a. By prayerful study.
- b. By humble submission to the thought that the lesson tends to enlarge the heart and beautify the soul.
- c. Instilling in student's mind of the great advantage of conviction of spiritual truth sought to be taught.

The Stake Supervisors of theological work in the stakes participating in any convention should have stake or local workers prepare five minute papers on each of the topics indicated by the Roman numerals. Each of these papers should be followed by a period of discussion in which all should participate.

F. Second Intermediate Department.

1. Roll Call.
2. Topic: "Building a Lesson."
 1. Definition. What is a lesson?
A fact in nature, an incident in life, a portion of scripture, used for the purpose of instruction or information.

We are anxious to emphasize here the fact that a lesson should be presented and considered in such a way as to arouse among class members a keen enthusiasm to learn more of the gospel as the plan of salvation to mankind.

A lesson may be presented as a lecture. It need not be and usually should not be. The presentation should consist preferably of a discussion contributed to by every member of the class on some passage of scripture or other literature or some current topic, or on some experience of ancient or modern importance.

2. Outlining a lesson.
 - A. Selecting the essential points of the lesson.
 - B. Determining the central thought or theme of the lesson.
 - C. Choosing rich illustrative material which shall make clear the various points of the lesson and drive home their application.
3. How to stimulate discussion.
 - A. By questions.
 - B. By special reports.
 - C. By attacking some 20th century problems and showing how scriptural truths apply to them. There is opportunity here for a consideration of the proper use of a text book.

It is suggested that two fifteen-minute papers be prepared, either by stake or local workers, one on heading No. 2, and one on heading No. 3, in such a way as to emphasize the points made under heading No. 1. Illustrations will lend an added value to these papers.

Benediction.

G. First Intermediate Department.

1. Roll Call.
- Subject: The Lesson.
- 2 Topic: "Outlining a Lesson." Fifteen-minute paper.)
 - a. Selecting the essential points.
 - b. Determining the aim.
 - c. Choosing illustrative material.
 - d. The application.

—Either Stake or Local Worker.
- Discussion.
- 3 Topic: "How to Stimulate Discussion." (Fifteen-minute paper.)
 - a. By questions.
 - b. By special reports.
 - c. By referring to some present-day problems, and showing how scriptural truths apply to them.
4. "Our Text Books."

—General Board Member.
5. Benediction.

H. Primary Department.

- I. Roll Call.
- II. Teachers' Preparation Meeting.

(A paper to be prepared under appointment to be made by the Primary Committee of the General Board. It is presumed that teachers have carefully read the lesson at home.)

 1. Prayer.
 2. Consideration of the roll (at least monthly).
 - a. Absentees and how to reach them.
 - b. Filling in statistics, especially on teachers.
 3. Consideration of review of last lesson.
 4. Today's lesson.
 - a. Passing upon the aim.
 - b. Sequence of events to best develop the aim.
 - c. When to bring in and how to memorize the memory gem.
 - d. When and how to use the picture.
 - e. How to make the point of contact.
 - (1) Is an illustrative story needed?
 - f. How to make the application
 5. Assignments.
 1. For securing additional information or material.
 2. For Sunday morning.

- a. Instrumental and vocal music.
 1. Pieces chosen.
 2. By whom to be played or conducted.
 - b. To call the roll.
 - c. To conduct the memory work (the Sacrament gem, and, if class remains in general assembly until general retirement to class rooms, the Concert recitation).
 - d. To conduct reviews—of last and of this lesson, if not done in groups.
6. Benediction.
- III. The Class Period. (A demonstration under direction of General Board committee, with children or teachers making the class as shall be arranged between that committee and the Stake Supervisors.)
1. Instrumental music or song.
 2. Prayer.
 - a. Spirit.
 3. Songs.
 - a. Proper selection.
 4. Silent roll call.
 5. Sacrament Gem (until understood and memorized by class, but not every Sunday).
 - a. Explanation of thought.
 - b. Memorizing.
 6. Song practice.
 7. Separation into groups.
 8. Review of last lesson. (For this occasion, lesson on Joseph, Ruler in Egypt.)
 - a. Purpose—facts, aim, memory gem in proper place.
 9. The Lesson. (Birth of Moses.)
 - a. Point of contact.
 - b. The Story: Order and relative importance of events—Aim, how developed—Memory gem, when introduced and memorized—Pictures, when and how used—Application, how made.
 10. A brief test to determine the correctness of impressions made as to facts and aim.
 11. Song.
 12. Benediction.
 13. Distribution of wraps.
- I. Kindergarten Department.
- I. Demonstration of lesson, by a stake or ward worker, before a group of children, who should be dismissed at the close of the demonstration. Those present should note carefully and discuss, after demonstration, the following points:
 1. The point of contact. (How children's minds are prepared for new material.)
 2. The spirit and manner in which the teacher presented her work.
 3. How the lesson was developed.
 - a. The introduction.
 - b. The direct, logical sequence of events.
 - c. The simplicity of the language.
 - d. The climax.
 4. Means that were used to enforce the lesson truth.
 5. How the lesson was applied.
 11. The child's part in the activities of the class. Paper by a stake or local worker, to be followed by discussion.
 1. In songs. (How to teach them, so that each child can take part. Give demonstration. Teach by rote.)
 2. In prayer. How children can formulate prayers.
 3. Rest exercises. How to get the child's own expression.
- III. Influence of teacher on child. ("Let your light so shine before men, that others seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven.")
1. Teacher's dress.
 2. Public conduct on street, in dance halls, in places of worship.

GENERAL SESSION.

2:00 p. m.

- For all Sunday School workers, and the public in general.
1. Singing.
 2. Prayer.
 3. Singing.
 4. Announcement of attendance at department sessions.
 5. Topic: "What Our Community Needs Today." (Seven-minute talks by two of the stake presidencies of the stakes represented in the convention.)
 6. Music.
 7. Topic: "The Sunday School as a Moral Force."
—General Board Member.
 8. Music.
 9. Topic: "The Sunday School Teacher's Ideals."
—General Board Member.
 10. Singing.
Benediction.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES, 1917.

"Union does everything when it is perfect. It satisfies desires, simplifies needs, foresees wishes, and becomes a constant fortune."

The following stakes will hold their Sunday School annual conferences in connection with the quarterly conferences, on the dates named:
December 10, 1916—St. George.
February 4, 1917—Roise, South Sanpete

February 11—Juab, Juarez.
 February 18—Bannock, Maricopa, Malad.
 February 25—Portneuf, St. Joseph, Pocatello.
 March 4—Morgan.
 March 11—North Sanpete, Moapa, Union.
 March 18—Parowan, Sevier, Deseret, Carbon.
 March 25—Tooele.
 April Conference—Beaver, Cassia, Raft River, Wasatch.
 June-Special—Bear Lake.
 July-Special—Duchesne, Uintah.

In connection with the Conferences of the Third Quarter of the year—Alberta, Big Horn, Curlew, Emery, Kanab, Millard, Panguitch, San Juan, San Luis, Snowflake, St. John, Star Valley, Summit, Taylor, Teton, Wayne, Young.

Officers' and Teachers' Meeting.

Sunday—9:00 to 10:20 a. m.

A special invitation to be in attendance at this meeting is extended to the Stake Presidencies, High Councils, and Bishops. All stake and ward Sunday School workers are expected to be present.

Program.

1. Song.
2. Prayer.
3. Topic: "The Teacher-Training Class." (Seven-minute paper.)
 1. Number of classes.
 2. Number held each month.
 3. Interest.
 4. Efficiency.
 —One of Stake Superintendency.
- Discussion.
4. Topic: "How Stake Board Members May Become More Helpful to the Local Schools."

—Member of General Board.
- Discussion.
5. Written suggestions on "Teacher-Training" received and considered.

6. Miscellaneous Topics.
7. Benediction.

General Sunday School Session of Quarterly Conference. 10:30 a. m.

- The Stake President presiding.
1. Singing.
 2. Prayer.
 3. Singing.
 4. "What Our Community Needs Today."

—Either by Stake President or one of the Bishops.
 5. Singing.
 6. Topic: "The Sunday School as a Moral Force."

—Member of General Board.
 7. Singing.
 8. Remarks by Visiting General Authorities.
 9. Singing.

Benediction.

Note 1. It is desirable that the program for these conferences be put into the hands of all Sunday School workers at least one week before the conference, so that each one may give it some thought, and come prepared to participate intelligently in the discussions.

Note 2. The nine o'clock meeting should be held in a room apart from that in which the general session will convene. When this arrangement cannot be made, curtains should be provided.

Note 3. Members of the stake board should be invited by the stake superintendency, not less than one week before the conference or convention, to submit written suggestions on the subject of Teacher-Training.

Note 4. Where agreeable to stake authorities Saturday evening may be used either for department work or a Sunday School social, either of which should begin no later than 7:30 o'clock, and close no later than 10:30 o'clock.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department

George D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer

For January Union

1. Unfinished business.
2. Revising the Rolls. (Paper by Ward Secretary.)
3. The annual report. Stake secretary should ascertain if all ward reports, if not already sent in, are ready, and all uncertain points should here be discussed and settled. Special information on how to get L. D. S. population, children in ward between ages of 4 and 20, cradle roll, average attendance of parents, etc., should be furnished.

Lessons for 1917

The General Board has always believed that a secretary should study the Sunday School lessons and, if possible, join one of the classes of the local school. In line with this thought we suggested the study of "Jesus, the Christ" for the year now closing.

For 1917, we recommend that secretaries join one of the Theological classes. The first year class will study "Lives of the Apostles of Jesus Christ," the third year "Old Testament Studies." Make a choice, then buy the text book and keep up with the lessons.

Choristers and Organists' Department

Joseph Ballantyne, Chairman; Horace S. Ensign, Geo. D. Pyper and Edward P. Kimball

WORK FOR JANUARY UNION

MUSIC REVIEW FOR ORGANISTS

Marches and March Playing

[By Edw. P. Kimball]

[By Edw. P. Kimball]

- I. Order and system necessary in every organization.
- II. Disciplinary value of an orderly separation or dismissal.
 1. Effect of "helter skelter" on the child.
 2. Effect of order on the child.
 3. The "whole is composed of its parts." (As the individual is, so is the school.)
- III. Some points for the organist to consider concerning marches and march playing.
 1. Have a number of good marches on hand.
 2. Choose marches that are strong in melody and march impelling rhythm.
 3. Avoid cheap, common song marches the words of which are foreign to the occasion, and which the children know as such.
 4. Search the Sunday School Song Book for good songs to which the children will march. (There are many such and their effect is good.)
 5. In playing a march remember that your school is dependent on you for the tempo.
 6. Your school is made up of short legs and long legs, and legs of medium length. Consider each when playing but give the greatest leniency to the short legs, for, if you suit your tempo comfortably to them, the longer ones will fall in as well.
 7. You and the chorister must insist that your larger pupils do not swing off with a stride of the "league boots," so that your children are either driven or pulled along at a pace both undignified and dangerous.
 8. Your tempo must be inspiring, at the same time dignified and "march impelling."

"Gems for the Organ," by Harry Rowe Shelley, published by G. Schirmer; price \$1.50. Contains 103 pages of music, fifty-nine compositions, forty-two composers being represented. The editor is one of the best known of American church organists, and has a fine knowledge of the character of music required for worship. This work is replete with selections admirably adapted to devotional exercises such as our Sunday Schools, while it contains also many pieces which can be used as solo numbers, in concert, or special programs. It is used and endorsed by the organists of the Tabernacle. The following composers are represented by one composition: Abt, Adam, Bach, Beethoven, Bizet, Booth, Braga, Chopin, Gade, Goddard, Gottschalk, Gurliitt, Hansen, Haydn, Kjeruf, Lvoff, Lysberg, Martini, Mendelssohn, Meyer-Helmund, Mozart, Reinecke, Rubenstein, Schumann, Spohr, Sullivan (Lost Chord very good), Thomas, Volkmann. Two compositions by the following: Batiste, Bendel, Faure, Jensen, Lassen, Rossini, Schubert, Soederman; while there are five by Gluck, five by Gounod, four by Guilman, and four by Wagner. This book has very extended use already but we review it for those who do not know it and heartily recommend it to all our organists. The material is well within the technical grasp of any average organist.

Another and later collection edited by Mr. Shelley is "Melodies for Harmonium," also published by Schirmer, price \$1.00. This book is really a supplement to the "Gems" and is of the same high class, and will become equally popular. It contains 69 pages, twenty-nine composers are represented by thirty-six compositions. The following is a list of the composers: Beaumont, Bendel, Benaist, Bohm, Bossi, Campbell, Chopin, David, Deshayes, Franz, Frey, Gounod, Handel, Hanser, Hill, Kuhe, Wely, Maas, Matiali, Mendelssohn, Maszkowski, Offenbach, Raff, Renard, Schumann, Sincerno, Thome, Vincent, and Urangell. We indorse this work as a supplement to the one above.

(Note. We call attention to the little composition by J. M. Chamberlain in this issue. It is very effective on an organ which has an aeolian harp solo.)

The Seer

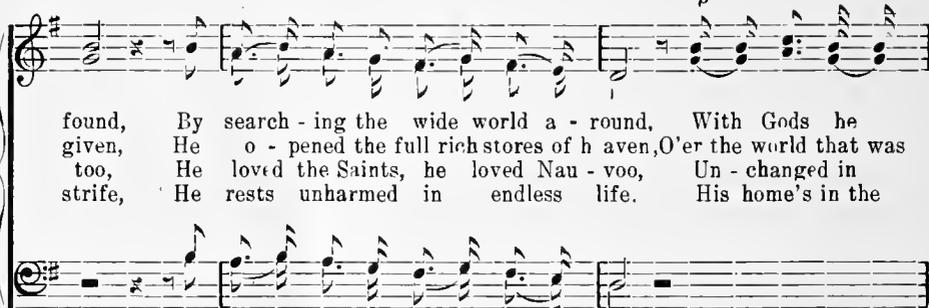
Music by S. B. MITTON

*Moderato. ff**p**f*

- 
1. The Seer, the Seer, Jo - seph the Seer! I'll sing of the
 2. Of no - ble seed, of heaven - ly birth, He came to bless the
 3. The Saints, the Saints, his on - - ly pride! For them he lived
 4. He's free! he's free! the Proph - et's free! He is where he



Prophet ev - er dear; His e - qual now can - not be
 sons of earth; With keys by the Al - might - y
 for them he died! Their joys were his, their sor - rows
 will ev - er be, Beyond the reach of mobs and



found, By search - ing the wide world a - round, With Gods he
 given, He o - pened the full rich stores of h aven, O'er the world that was
 too, He loved the Saints, he loved Nau - voo, Un - changed in
 strife, He rests unharmed in endless life. His home's in the



soared in realms of day, And men he taught the heaven - ly
 wrapt in sa - - ble night, Like the sun he spread his gold - en
 death, with a Savior's love, He pleads their cause in the courts a -
 sky, he dwells with the Gods, Far from the fu rious rage of

p *mf*

way. The earthly Seer! The heavenly Seer! I love to dwell on his
 light; He strove, O how he strove to stay The stream of crime in its
 bove. The Seer, the Seer! Joseph the Seer! O, how I love his
 mobs. He died! he died for those he loved, He reigns, he reigns in the

mem - o - ry dear; The chosen of God and the friend of man, He
 reck - less way! With a migh - ty mind and a no - ble aim, He
 mem - o - ry dear! The just and wise, the pure and free, A
 realms a - bove. He waits with the just who have gone before, To

brought the Priesthood back a-gain; He gazed on the past and the
 urged the wayward to reclaim; Mid foam - ing bil - lows of
 fa-ther he was and is to me. Let fiends now rage in
 welcome the Saints to Zi-on's shore, shout, shout, ye Saints this

rit. *a tempo.* *Largo.*

fu - ture too, And opened the hea - ven - ly world to view.
 an - gry strife, He stood at the helm of the ship of life.
 their dark hour—No mat-ter, he is he - yond their power.
 boon is given: We'll meet our mar - tyred Seer in heaven.

Divine Love
For Sacrament Service

BY JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN

Andante.

Melodia solo stop.

Organ

Eolian solo stop. *Continue Eolian solo stop.*

Corona or Melodia. solo stop.

a tempo.
Eolian solo stop.

A New Friend

By Theodore Best

My playmates have gone, both Bobby and Bill,
 They've moved to their "residence" up on the hill.
 Their pa struck it rich in the mines, so they say,
 And that is the reason they all moved away.
 They've bought a new auto, and ride every night,
 So's to gain perfect health and a good appetite.
 Our street, with its rails and its overhead wires,
 And its rocks and its ruts, which are hard on the tires,
 "They just couldn't think of," so Bobby's pa told him
 When he cried to come back and the folks had to scold him.
 I was lonesome at first and awfully sad,
 For Bobby and Bill were the best friends I had.
 But now I have found an "acquaintance" that's fine;
 He's the tall motorman on the Wandamere line.
 I stand on the sidewalk and wave as he passes—
 He knows me in spite of his funny green glasses,
 And hollers, "Hello there, how are you today—
 Just watch for me, son, when I come back this way."
 And sure enough, soon the old car comes along,
 And the dandy big motorman steps on his gong,
 And pulls back the lever that opens the door,
 Then flings out the gum and the candy galore.
 And I say, "Many thanks Mister Motorman, tall,
 I'm awfully glad that I've met you, that's all."
 But somehow I'm wishing that Billy and Bobby
 Were with me to share in the pastime so nobby.

Parents' Department

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gorvans

WORK FOR JANUARY

By the opening of the new year the classes should all be fairly well supplied with Vol. III, "Parent and Child." Let the New Year's work be characterized by renewed effort

1. To reach the young parents.
2. To stimulate the study habit.
3. To cultivate the practice among parents of following up the work more regularly.

The new text-book develops its lessons in order. Tie the lessons together with reviews. Enrich them with thought and study. Take the following lessons for the month's work:

REGULAR LESSONS

First Sunday—New Year Topics

Second (Calendar) Sunday

Our Dances: What practical steps can be taken to make them more wholesome and more enjoyable?

Third Sunday

"Child Activity." Lesson VII, Parent and Child, Vol. III.

Fourth Sunday

"Habit." Lesson VIII, Parent and Child, Vol. III.

Theological Department

Elias Conway Ashton, chairman; Milton Bennion, John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

FIRST YEAR

[Outline prepared by Elias Conway Ashton]

Lesson 1. The First Apostles

(See Edward H. Anderson's "Lives of the Apostles," in the December Juvenile, 1915.)

Introduction.

- I. The plan of salvation.
 1. Introduced by the Savior, who founded the Church of Christ.
 2. Taught to the Twelve who were to be His messengers.
- II. Meaning of the word Apostle.
 1. (One sent forth) (Matt. 10:5).
 2. Special witness (Revelation to Joseph Smith, 1835).
 3. Imports also idea of "acting in the stead of" ambassador, envoy or legate, etc. (See Smith's Bible Dictionary and also December, 1915, Juvenile, p. 807).
- III. Choice and Ordination.
(Mark 3:14, 15, and Juvenile reference above).

Lesson 2. The First Apostles (Continued)

- I. Their first mission.
 1. Power and authority conferred upon them preparatory to their going out (Matt. 10:1).
 2. Manner of their going out (See Matthew's account).
 3. They return and report their labors (Mark 6:12, 13).

Lesson 3. The First Apostles—Their Personality

- I. Peter—A layman of ordinary education.
 1. That he was not a rough, uneducated peasant as he is sometimes pictured (See Smith's Bible Dictionary, 810; Talmage's "Jesus the Christ," 218).
 2. Impulsive and stern (See "Jesus the Christ" (Talmage); Farrar's "Life of Christ," 237).
 3. Affectionate (Farrar's "Life of Christ," 237).
 4. Fluent as tested by his Epistles (See also Smith's Bible Dictionary, 726).
- II. Andrew.
 1. A youth when he came to Christ.
 - a. Brother of Peter.
 - b. A partner of Peter, James and John in the fishing business.
 - c. Becomes a fisher of men.
 - d. For interesting tradition respecting his early preaching see Anderson's work.
- III. James the Son of Zebedee.
 1. Probably one of the presidency of the primitive Church with Peter and John.
 2. Probably these three enjoyed closer communion with the Savior than the others.
 3. Legend has it that James carried the Gospel into Spain.

4. First martyr from among Apostles.

THIRD YEAR

Lesson 1. Biographical Study of the Old Testament

Introduction.—In conducting our studies of this year in Old Testament history, we are not so much concerned with the origin and structure of that part of the Bible which shall come before us in our work, as we are in real, vital stories, contained in the book itself, which we believe, when viewed in their proper light, will always be found to be throbbing with intense human interest. In passing, permit us to express the thought that the Old Testament is after all the finest composite work of detached history, moral and religious essays, pious, poetical effusions and the finest biographical compendium ever published. We shall this year use the Old Testament only as a source book of inspirational biography. We purpose to study the lives of the men of olden time in the hope that their rectitude of conduct will aid us in our struggles of life in these modern times. We hope also to see the follies and errors in the lives of some of the biblical characters and to profit by the bitter experiences of these erring ones.

I. Definition of Biography.

"The written account of a person's life, actions and character" (Standard Dictionary).

II. Value of Biographic Study.

1. How is secular biography regarded generally?
 - a. Aids in establishment of ideals.
 - b. Fosters and encourages the young to seek after the best qualities of mind and heart.
 - c. Interesting because personal.
2. Advantages of religious biography
 - a. Encourages a Godly life.
 - b. Affords means of spiritual culture.
 - c. Leads to man's salvation.

Note.—The teacher, without much difficulty, can draw on his or her own experience and the experience of others personally known to him for illustrations of every point in this lesson.

Lesson 2. Man's Volition to Imitate Good or Bad Examples.

I. Secular view.

1. Man possesses power to pursue a course of action willed by him.

"We are not mere straws cast upon the current to mark

its course, but possessed with the freedom of action endowed with the power to stem the waves and rise above them."—Smiles.

2. Examples of secular heroes who have conquered by sheer force of will:
 - a. Alexander the Great.
 - b. Napoleon.
 - c. Grant.
 - d. Garfield.
 - e. Lincoln and any number of others.

(Teacher may assign outside reading for students to enliven this discussion.)

II. Same Principal Applied to Religious Conduct.

1. Man's free agency.
 - a. Absolute freedom to choose the good or evil in life as he may elect ("Articles of Faith," Talmage, p. 54).
 - b. No compulsion or restraint in human conduct (See Note 1, "Articles of Faith," p. 73).
 - c. May become Latter-day Saint or Sectarian (See Note above).

Lesson 3. Man's Volition to Follow the Example of Good Men

I. Free agency (Continued).

1. Even commandments not restraints on human conduct in the sense of being compulsory (See Articles of Faith," p. 54).
 - a. Man as free as the angels (Same reference).
 - b. Liberty to violate the laws of health, of man or of God.
 - c. Obedience to law and the adherence to principles of right living the habit of a free man ("Articles of Faith," Talmage, p. 54).
 - d. Fruits of obedience (Same reference).
2. The Justice of this Principle.

"Articles of Faith," Talmage, p. 55).

 - a. Illustration.

Cain and Abel (Gen. 4:7).
See also "Articles of Faith," Talmage, pp. 55-57.
3. Man responsibility.
 - a. Results of good deeds—Happiness.
 - b. Consequences of evil deeds—Misery.
 - c. Effects of high and noble thinking compared with low and ignoble thinking ("Articles of Faith," Talmage, pp. 57-59).

Second Intermediate Department

Harold G. Reynolds, chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks, and Adam S. Bennion

First Year—Church History

[By Harold G. Reynolds]

The text book for the second intermediate department, first year, is "A Young Folks' History of the Church," by Elder Nephi Anderson. This book has been written for young folks, as the title infers, and is especially suited and adapted to the age of the pupils in this class. The book will sell for 50c (fifty cents) and can be obtained at our book store (the Deseret Sunday School Union), 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. It contains maps, and pictures to illustrate the lessons.

Each teacher should have this book in good time to prepare the work for January. This is only a brief history of the Church, and the teacher will find additional helps and references in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, which will be prepared by the author of the book, Elder Nephi Anderson. Several reference books are suggested for extended reading, and the teacher will, no doubt, have some of these books, or have access to them. It will be necessary for the teacher to enrich each lesson with good supplementary material, pictures, etc.

Each pupil should have a text-book, in order to get the most good out of the lessons. It is the pupils' text, written from the standpoint of the pupil. We urge the teacher to put forth a special effort to get the text in the hands of every boy and girl, at the beginning of this year's course.

LESSONS FOR JANUARY

[Prepared by Nephi Anderson]

First Sunday

Promotions. New Year Topics.

Second Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," by Nephi Anderson; chapter I.

References for the Teacher: For extended reading, introduction to Vol. I, "History of the Church," especially from page xlii to the end; "The Great Apos-

tasy," by Talmage; "New Witness for God," Roberts, Vol. I, Theses I and II. For a briefer treatment, introduction to Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," first edition; Talmage's "Articles of Faith," Lecture XI, pp. 201-207.

The purpose of this first lesson is to show that this land of America is a choice land "above all other lands" (Book of Mormon, I Nephi 2:20); and that the Lord has watched over this land and preserved it for His people; that He "established the constitution of the land by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose" (Doc. and Cov. 101:80). This choice land, thus preserved and prepared, was a fitting place for the restoration of the pure gospel and the establishing of the Church of Christ. This is illustrated in the little parable in the lesson.

Applications: The Lord's care and wisdom in preparing for His plans; our appreciation of living in this choice land; and under what conditions this land will continue to be a land of Zion to us (Doc. and Cov. 119:6; Book of Mormon, Ether 2:12; 9:20).

This preparatory lesson is rich in suggestion for the teacher, who should make the best use of the great amount of material at hand.

Third Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter II.

Teachers' Text: "History of the Church," Vol. I, chapter I. "Writings of Joseph Smith" in "Pearl of Great Price;" Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," chapter I.

The boyhood of Joseph Smith should be made to come close to the pupils' lives. He was a boy, very much like other boys—honest, truthful, obedient, and prayerful. Pictures of the Smith homestead, or of similar scenes in Vermont and western New York add great interest to this lesson. Show, at least, the Joseph Smith Memorial Cottage and Monument.

Although the Lord knew Joseph and had chosen him for a great mission, much depended on the actions of Joseph himself. He wanted to know which was the true Church, and he prayed to the Lord about it. Then came to the boy, because the time was ripe, one of the most glorious events which the world

has known. The Lord answers prayers, not, of course, in the way He answered Joseph's, but in some way just as true.

In what way has the Lord answered the pupils' prayers? Let them tell personal experiences.

The First Great Vision is full of deep significance. Bring out clearly the truths therein taught, as presented briefly in the text.

Fourth Sunday

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter III.

Teachers' Texts: "History of the Church," Vol. I, Chapter II. "Writings of Joseph Smith," in Pearl of Great Price. Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," Chapter II.

After the glorious announcement, three years went by, wherein the boy Joseph grew to be a young man. Then it was that the Lord began to give to His chosen mouthpiece definite instructions through the Angel Moroni.

Here again Joseph is praying to the Lord for an assurance that his sins were forgiven him, and that he was yet accepted of Him. Angel ministrations this time came in answer to his prayer.

In Joseph's personal account of this visitation, we have one of the most minute descriptions of the appearance of an angel. Read it to the class, and comment on it. Who was Moroni? Section 129 Doc. and Cov., deals with the nature of angels.

One of the announcements made by Moroni (not mentioned in the pupils' text) was the coming of Elijah the Prophet when the "hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers." This was the first mention in our day of the great work of salvation for the dead.

Note the pedagogical value of the repetition in the angel's instructions to Joseph that night: Three times the instructor repeated the same thing, then adding each time something new. The last time Joseph was warned that when the golden plates came into his possession, satan would tempt him to dispose of them for gain, as they would be of great value. Joseph confides in his father, and is obedient to his instructions.

Third Year—What it Means to be a "Mormon"

For the work of this department for the coming year a new book has been prepared on "What It Means to be a Mormon." The aim of the book is to interest boys and girls in finding out

just what their religion is and what it may mean to them in their lives. Each lesson suggests some problem, the solution of which is vital to a full understanding and appreciation of the beauties of the Gospel.

The book has been written to be read by the pupils themselves and it is urged that they all secure copies and begin from the first to give that study to the subjects presented as shall enable them to realize just what it means for them to claim membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

If the lessons are prepared by the pupils and if the questions which are given at the close of each lesson are fully considered, it ought to be easy to stimulate discussions which shall arouse in boys and girls the question as to why they are Mormons. Free and stimulating discussions ought to characterize each lesson considered. Both teachers and pupils are encouraged to raise points constantly that call for reflection on the real significance of being a Latter-day Saint.

For the first Sunday in January the work of making promotions will occupy a large part of the time. For the next two Sundays, the first chapter of the new book will be the assignment. For convenience in starting the work, we are printing the lesson in this issue. For the fourth Sunday, take chapter 2.

Work for home preparation from the onset. The text will be on sale by the First of January, and may be secured at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store for 75c postpaid.

CHAPTER I

Why are You a Mormon?

Why are you a Mormon?

Have you ever really thought out an answer to that question? Of course it is a big one—one that cannot be answered in a day—nor a year; in fact, it can well concern a person during his entire life—but it is important that we have the question clearly in mind that we may gradually work out an answer that satisfies us.

The author of these lessons has been interested lately in finding out just why boys and girls do the things they do. In practically every case they had very definite reasons. Newsboys pretty generally sold their papers so that they could help support themselves or their families. It is surprising to find out how many thousands of boys are selling newspapers in the United States. Many people feel sorry for them and think it a shame that such young boys should have

to do such work, yet many of these same boys become very successful men. They learn the importance of knowing how to work early in life and that lesson stays with them as long as they live. The habit of doing things, formed when habits can best be established, leads them to success.

Boys playing baseball thought it very peculiar for any one to ask them why they played. One little fellow suggested that "Every American likes to play baseball."

Girls, too, knew well enough why they were working. Either they had to help out at home or they wanted to, so that they could buy the kind of clothes "other girls wear."

But the most interesting fact about the cases that were considered was that of all the boys and girls of whom the questions were asked, only one boy could tell why he belonged to his particular church, and his reasoning was decidedly weak. All of the others knew the name of their church well enough but when asked why they belonged to it they invariably answered, "I don't know," or, "It's the only one I know anything about." And it was clear that the "anything" was pretty closely related to nothing.

It was clear that though all these boys and girls knew why they played, or why they quit school, or why they worked, they had no definite ideas as to what their religion meant to them. And yet they were all of them between thirteen and sixteen years of age—really second intermediate boys and girls—and had reached that period in life when boys and girls are more often converted to the churches of the world than at any other age. They had reached the age of the Prophet Joseph Smith when he undertook to find out which of all the churches in the world was right. Certainly they, together with all second intermediate pupils, ought to be thinking about their religion, that it may become a guide to them in all their lives.

To bring the question a little nearer home, suppose you were to take a trip into some eastern state. You would naturally make a number of acquaintances for whom one of the most interesting facts about you would be that you were a Mormon. Suppose they asked you some of the questions usually asked of Utahns:

"What do the Mormons believe?"
 "How are their teachings different from those of other churches?" "Are the Mormons Christians?"

How would you answer them? Or imagine yourself called on a mission—as you very likely will be if you are a boy, or as you may be if you are a girl. How

would you get along with your first sermon? One of the most embarrassing situations the author has ever seen a young man in, was in Denver when a new missionary was called upon to speak for the first time. He evidently had never given much consideration to our question, for after blushing a good deal and stumbling about intellectually for a while, he said, "Well, I guess I'm up against it," and sat down.

Let us consider some of the possible reasons for being a Mormon.

In the first place, a boy may be a Mormon because his parents belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he has naturally grown up to believe as they do. And surely, to be the son of Mormon Pioneers, or to be descended from them in any way, is one very splendid reason. Our pioneer forefathers sacrificed all they had, left comfortable homes, risked their lives in the face of a desert inhabited by hostile Indians—they did all these things and put up with hardships which we shall never be able to appreciate, all that they and we might enjoy the privileges of our religion. To have been taught such a religion by such parents is one of the proudest heritages in the world. There may be a wonderful meaning behind the statement, "I am a Mormon because my father and mother were Mormons."

But just as Mormonism meant all the world to the Pioneers, because they loved it, studied it, and lived it, so it can have its full significance for us only as we do those same three things.

A second reason may be that a boy feels that Mormonism is true. He may have attended meetings, particularly fast meetings, when there was an outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord to such an extent that everybody felt its power and influence. Such a spirit can bear a wonderful testimony to a boy or girl and certainly just such a spirit is one of the most characteristic features of Mormon meetings.

In the third place, a boy may see that the men who try to be the best Mormons are the best men he knows. Religion ought to help us live good lives and if he sees that Mormons are fine, clean men who are honest and true and fair in all their dealings he may well believe that here is a very sensible reason for being a Mormon.

As a fourth reason he may have seen the power of the Priesthood, one of the essential characteristics of Mormonism, made manifest in healing some member of his family or of the family of one of his friends. It may be that he has been healed himself. Here certainly, is a testimony that there is a power in Mormon-

ism which may well lead him to believe in it.

Many other reasons might be put down, but let us conclude this lesson with just one more. Perhaps our boy has studied the teachings of the church or has listened to his parents or teachers discuss them and he feels that they are reasonable and true. Or, perhaps all of these processes have contributed to his belief and he is anxious to go on looking for still more evidences. At any rate, that shall be the purpose of these lessons. We shall attempt to find out briefly what Mormonism is; what, at least in part, it teaches; and what it may mean in the life of a boy or girl who will apply it to the problem of their lives.

QUESTIONS. LESSON 1.

1. Do you believe it a good reason when you say you are a Mormon because your parents are?

2. Is such a reason sufficient? Why?

3. Tell of meetings you have attended when there seemed to be a rich outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

4. In what way are the lives of its members a test of the value of a church?

5. Do you consider the healing of the sick an evidence of the truthfulness of the church? Why?

6. What are some of the advantages of studying the Principles of the Gospel?

7. Name some of the most successful men you know or have read about. How many of them made an early choice of their life's work?

8. Apply this same thought to a man's religion.

9. How old was Jesus when He was found in the temple, "about His Father's business?"

10. Name some of the advantages of deciding at an early age to make your religion mean something to you.

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

Suggestions to Teachers

"Three things characterize the Bible story. It is simple; it moves with gripping interest; and it has a true spiritual uplift. It is the ideal type of story for Sunday School purposes. Does not the above statements apply equally as well to many of our Book of Mormon stories? We believe it does and the teacher should remember the above very important points in presenting these lessons.

"These points may be summarized under the general principle that the teacher must get the point of view of the child and adapt her method to the understanding, experiences and interests of the child. It happens too often that the Sunday School teacher presents the lesson from her own adult point of view and feeling toward the subject. In such cases the pupils are likely not to be interested."

The above two extracts are taken from the Teacher-Training Department, as bearing directly upon our work, and should be helpful to the teachers in presenting the lessons, where simplicity of treatment and the personality and sincerity of the teacher plays such an important part.

Read the first two or three chapters from the Story of the Book of Mormon," and the "Life of Nephi," by Geo. Q. Cannon which are most delightful and instructive, and give the teacher an

enlarged view of the lessons.

Read Jeremiah, chapter 52, for a brief history of the reign of King Zedekiah.

The lessons for 1917 will be in the nature of biographical sketches, and will include such noted characters as Lehi, Nephi, Mosiah, Alma, Samuel the Lamanite, Moroni and others. By this method of treatment, the man or character, his personality and influence, his mission and usefulness, whether he be prophet, statesman, judge, missionary or soldier, should be carefully studied, and made the principal theme of the lesson.

First Year—Book of Mormon

[By Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker.]

Lesson 1. How We Got the Book of Mormon

(Second Sunday in January)

Lesson Setting: Time, place, etc.

Truth to be Taught: Children in possession of this knowledge can not only defend their belief but can explain the message of truth to others.

1. The Smith family and their home.

1. Humility of same.

2. Religious inclinations.

II. Religious excitement among the people.

1. Joseph's desire for knowledge.

2. What he discovered at the revival meetings.
- III. The sincere prayer of a youth.
 1. How we gain knowledge and wisdom. James 1:5.
 2. His prayer answered.
 3. Later visions.
- IV. Plates received.
 1. Time and place.
 2. Persecutions.
 3. Witnesses.
 4. Translation.
- V. Publication of the Book of Mormon.
 1. What it contains.

Application: Our mission—to deliver the truth to others, in conversations with our associates, and with strangers.

We can acquire this knowledge at our association meetings and from our parents; also through sincere prayer.

Point out advantages gained in imparting knowledge to others.

Memory Gem: James 1:5. "If any of you lack wisdom, etc."

Notes: Interest will be aroused by the teacher using a map of the United States and pointing out the birthplace of the prophet, the location of the Hill Cumorah and other points of interest pertaining to the lesson. Pictures of these places may also be borrowed or purchased. These efforts will make the lessons decidedly more interesting.

For a description of the Hill Cumorah see "History of the Church," Vol. I, page 15. Also Reynolds' "Dictionary of the Book of Mormon," page 108.

Lesson 2. The Story of Lehi

(Third Sunday in January)

Lesson setting: Time, place, people, etc., I Nephi, Chapters 1, 2.

Truth to be taught: A righteous life wins the favor of God.

- I. Lehi's home and family.
 1. Who he was. His family.
 2. His character and standing with God.
 3. Possessed wealth. What are the riches that bring true happiness?
- II. Jerusalem.
 1. Location.
 2. Its people. The life they led.
 3. Lehi's concern. His prayer and favor with God.
- III. Visions.
 1. The voice of the Lord.
 2. Second vision. Whom he saw.
 3. Commanded to preach repentance.
 4. His reception by the people.
- IV. Leaves Jerusalem for the wilderness.
 1. Incidents of the journey.

- a. Vision in valley of Lemuel.
- b. Sons return to Jerusalem. Purpose.
- c. Faith and prayers bring the Liahona. Its use.
- d. Land Bountiful and the Red Sea.

- V. Across the ocean.
 1. The Promised Land.
 2. An altar to the Lord. Its use.
 3. What are sacrifices?
 4. Lehi's death.

Memory Gem: "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous," but "the face of the Lord is against them that do evil."

Lesson 3. The Story of Nephi

(Fourth Sunday in January)

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc., I Nephi, Chapters 3, 4.

Truth to be taught: Success comes through faith and a determination to succeed.

- I. Birthplace and early training.
 1. Blessings come through his love for God.
 - II. Marriage to Ishmael's daughter.
 1. Where it took place.
 - III. Laman and Lemuel oppose Nephi.
 1. Reason.
 2. Words of the Lord concerning them.
 - IV. Revealed that Nephi and his brethren should return to Jerusalem.
 1. Object of visit.
 2. Nephi's feelings. His brethren.
 3. The journey undertaken. Failure of his brethren.
 4. Success comes to Nephi through his faith and determination.
 5. Nephi's work in securing the records.
 - V. Return to their father.
 1. Rejoicing.
 2. Lehi offers sacrifices.
 3. The mother. Sariah's testimony.
 4. What the records contained.
- Memory Gem: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Also Nephi's words "As the Lord liveth and as we live, we will not go down unto our Father in the wilderness, until we have accomplished the thing which our Father has commanded us."

Third Year—The Life of Christ

[Suggestions prepared by George M. Cannon.]

During the coming year, 1917, the third year classes will study the life of Christ. This is the life most necessary of all lives to be studied and understood by us

all. The Savior of the world, Himself without sin, gave His life that we might live eternally. If we can walk in His steps we are sure of salvation. If we can have His Spirit to be with us always, we need never fear. For we will never sin if His Spirit is with us, and if we sin not even though we should lose our lives here on this earth we shall have eternal life—the greatest gift of God to man. But we must all remember that while what we say is important in life, it is what we really do that matters most. Kind deeds to one another, just actions toward all men, and keeping ourselves free from the sins of the world are what will give us a welcome into the society of our Savior. He taught His disciples to be careful in the use of their language but that simply speaking in His name will not be enough. Inasmuch as we do good to the least of His "little ones" (to children, to the poor or to those in distress) He will know us and welcome us into His presence.

For the year now coming it is desired that text books be available for every pupil. "A Life of Christ for the Young," by George L. Weed, has been slightly revised and adapted for use in Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools. A supply of these books is now ready at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City. Price 75c postpaid.

Many ways may be devised for obtaining these text books for the boys and girls. Encourage the pupils to work in some way best suited to the locality in which they live, and to buy and own the book. Some may be able to obtain the volume as a Christmas present from parents or older brothers and sisters. Where their wishes are consulted as to present desired, let the book be suggested, if the pupil himself has no way to work and to earn the price. Teachers should take the matter up at once and use their own ingenuity in devising ways and means and see that all their pupils have the books.

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; assisted by Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

A Greeting and Announcement

During the year which we are about to enter, we wish for you teachers a richer outpouring of the Spirit of God to assist you in your splendid and beautiful work; a broader conception of the work; a more perfect sensing of the fact that you are "Under-Shepherds" of a most precious flock, which you are charged with feed-

Lesson 1. "The Land Where Jesus Lived" and "Shepherd's Plain"

(For Second Sunday)

Weed's Life of Christ is divided into seventy-two chapters, and thus two chapters can be used as the basis for each of the thirty-six lessons per year used in the regular Sunday School work. It is understood that the first Sunday in each month (Fast Sunday) shall be devoted to Fast day exercises and such program as the local teachers under direction of the Stake Board Supervisor may provide. Usually this leaves three other Sundays per month, making the thirty-six Sundays per year above referred to. The teacher should read, in addition to the text book, those chapters in the Gospels in the New Testament which give light on the scenes described in each lesson. Get all the information you can also from other good books, such as encyclopædias or books of travel that describe Palestine and its people, particularly in ancient days. The December number of the JUVENILE in Volume 49 (for 1915) if you have it, will give some light on the subject. For the present this is all we shall give in the JUVENILE, but if desired we may, in future lessons, go somewhat into outlining the lesson and giving its aim, etc.

Lesson 2

(For Third Sunday in January)

Lesson 2 will embrace Chapters III and IV in Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young." The subjects are "The Manger of Bethlehem," and "The Infant Jesus in the Temple."

Lesson 3

(For the Fourth Sunday in January)

Lesson 3 will embrace Chapters V and VI of Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," the subjects being, "The Star of Bethlehem," and "The Flight into Egypt."

ing the bread of life; a greater love for your "lambs," and a greater power to win their love and sympathy, and to make impressions upon their hearts and souls that shall be an eternal monument of your devotion to our Lord.

Your classes will be composed of almost a new membership, plastic and ready for your skill as teachers to work upon and fashion toward the image of

the Christ. Take good stock of them, measure their capabilities, ascertain what they know and are, that you may the more intelligently build thereon.

While it will be well to use, for a short time, some of the songs and other exercises which they have been accustomed to in the class from which they come to you, that they may not feel entirely strange, yet mingle with them immediately some advanced methods and new songs that they may recognize they have been promoted.

Remember that "love begets love" and the path of your success is through their hearts. No nobler work is given to mortal man than is yours: the winning of souls to Christ the Lord—a prize worthy your best effort. Let us take to heart the words of Brumbaugh: "Thank God that you teach for time and eternity. Get up on the heights. See the splendid prospect God sets for those who teach in His name."

Our lessons for the first nine months of 1917 will be "Stories from the Old Testament," the main suggestions for which have been compiled in a book similar to that in which was published "Stories from the Life of Christ," and can be secured through our Book Store at a cost of forty cents. We earnestly hope that every teacher in our department will secure one, that the work of the whole department may be uniform and harmonious. Do not let your love for your work or the children, or for the Master whom you serve, be measured by the price necessarily charged for the book.

While the lessons contain title, text, aim, memory gem, outline, point of contact, lesson statement and application, all are only suggestive *except the text*. If you can see a stronger aim or one better suited to the needs of your class, do not hesitate to change it, but see to it that your choice of memory gem, the outlining of the lesson, the point of contact sought, the story itself, and the application to be made of it, conforms to the aim, and remodel same to fit your aim.

We shall assign four lessons per month, and yet shall expect the Fast Day Thought to be given prominence upon the first Sunday each month, to be followed by the Old Testament story. Suggestions for this thought, together with list of lessons assigned and such notes or suggestions to teachers as may be thought helpful, will be given through the columns of our magazine—the "Juvenile Instructor"—each month. Let us keep in touch with you and your work through our magazine. It will not be necessary for teachers who have secured

the book, "Stories from the Old Testament," to look up the references to former numbers of the "Juvenile Instructor" as all the matter referred to, and more, is contained in the book.

Work for January, 1917

First Sunday. Fast Day Thoughts. Gratitude: Gratitude to parents who brought us into life, who have made our lives so happy, who are constantly doing something for us; to the Church which gives us such splendid opportunities as the Sunday School, etc., etc.; to God who gave us our parents, our Sunday School, and all that we enjoy; Jesus, whose birth we have so lately celebrated; the Prophet Joseph to whom He spake: How can we show our gratitude?

Lesson 1. The Creation. Text: Gen. 1; 2:1-3. Pearl of Great Price Moses 2; Abraham 3:22-28; 4. Reference JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for December, 1914.

Lesson 2. The First Parents. Text: Gen. 2 and 3; Pearl of Great Price, Moses 3:8-25, 4:5:4-11. Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for December, 1912 and December, 1914.

Lesson 3. Two Brothers. Text: Gen. 4. Pearl of Great Price, Moses 5; 6:1-10. Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for December, 1912 and December, 1914.

Lesson 4. A Most Wonderful City. Text: Gen. 5:18-24. Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:21-28; 7. Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for January, 1913 and December, 1914.

Notes: Do not fail to read these stories as given in the text. The Pearl of Great Price will be found a great help in these lessons if you will carefully read and study the accounts found therein.

The Bible quotations may be hard for the pupils at this time, but if the teachers will only keep on trying, it will be found that the children will become accustomed to the Bible language and learn the quotations quite easily, later. You owe it to them to give them experience in the splendid language of the Scriptures, which will have an effect upon their literary styles ever after, as well as a spiritual development. Your children have the same capacity and ability as children who have mastered these quotations and received incalculable benefit therefrom.

Question for the memory gem, and see that it is so distinctly in their minds with its significance, that whenever recalled the lesson taught in connection with it, will come fresh to their minds—perhaps to give them strength in time of need. For example: What does the Bible tell us of the creation of the earth? (He said: "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.") Who

were our first parents? What has our Heavenly Father commanded us regarding our father and mother? (He said, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee.") What promise is given if we do well? (The promise is, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou

doest not well, sin lieth at the door.") What promise is given to the pure in heart? ("Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.")

The song words given in connection with lesson 2 ("The Garden of Eden") can be sung to the tune of "Ben Bolt" or "Peek-a-boo" without the chorus. Probably you can find a still better tune.

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley and Kate McAllister

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday

Adapt the Uniform Fast Day Lesson.

Second Sunday

The Birth of Jesus.

Text: Matthew 1:18-25, Luke 1:26-38; 2:1-7. Isaiah 7:14; 9:6-7. John 3:6. I John 4:8-10. I Nephi 11:13-22.

Third Sunday

The Story of the Shepherds.

Text: Luke 2:8-20.

Fourth Sunday

The Visit of the Wise Men.

Text: Matthew 2:1-11.

Fifth Sunday

Baby Jesus in the Temple.

Text: Luke 2:23-39.

These lessons are in the book "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," pages 142 to 157 inclusive.

DIRECTED ENERGY—(Continued)

[By Ina G. Johnson]

II. Preparation of Lessons.

1. What are we going to teach?

Are we teaching lessons? Are we teaching subjects? or, are we teaching boys and girls? After visiting a number of classes, one would readily say we are trying to teach lessons and subjects and not boys and girls. If that were the aim of the Sunday School, why have boys and girls there? It seems to me that the person who instituted Sunday Schools must have been looking forward to bettering the individual youth and helping to build the Kingdom of God.

I feel that the aim of the Sunday School is to teach the boys and girls the principles of the Gospel of Jesus

Christ of Latter-day Saints, and to stimulate their ideals for a bigger and better life, and to show them how to live it. If the subjects and lessons given in class do not do this, then the class work is a failure.

A. Lessons.

Before giving a lesson let us think of the following questions:

(1) Are we teaching a truth? (2) Are we building a character? (3) Are we getting pupils to think? (4) Are we helping the pupils to live a bigger and better life? (5) Are we making the lessons practical and not talking over the pupils' heads? (6) Are we bringing out the ultimate truth or underlying thought so that it will enlarge and enrich the child's growth and development?

B. Music and Songs.

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."
—Congreve.

"That strain again, it had a dying fall,
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,

That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odor."—Shakespeare.

Is there anything in this world that is more uplifting than music, expressed in soft, sweet tones? We can teach our pupils how to show reverence for sacred things better through music than by all the preaching and talking on the subject.

Let soft music be played as the pupil enters the building. Teachers, set example, feel the music, and do not engage in talking or laughing. Have soft, sacred music while sacrament is being passed, and while gathering and passing wraps.

If we did less talking and calling for order and used more music, order would be very much improved.

We should be very careful in the se-

lection of our songs. Kindergarten songs should be simple, both in rhythm and words, and should be of such quality as to cultivate a taste for beauty and quality. In fact, the pupils should receive an educational benefit from all songs and music in the Kindergarten. So, in selecting and teaching our songs let us consider the following points:

(a) Are we cultivating a taste for beauty and quality? (b) Are we giving him soul development? (c) Are words and music educational? (d) Are they spiritual? (e) How are they taught? *All songs should be taught by rote. Every child should know every word.*

Do we ever stop to think of the value or of the important part rhythm and proportion play in man's daily life? Do we ever go to nature and see the harmony and rhythmic movements there? If not, let us do so, again and again. Then, I believe we would feel more keenly the value of good music and plenty of it in the kindergarten.

If we had more good music in homes and schools we would have less rudeness, roughness, and fewer uncouth boys and girls.

C. Stories.

1. Why we tell stories to children:

First: To present a truth to the child in such a way that he will be able to understand it.

Second: To raise his ideals, stimulate imitation of good, and correct faults.

Third: To let the child see the reflection of his own life and come to a better understanding of it.

Fourth: To arouse his sympathy and stimulate it to growth and development.

Fifth: To exercise his imagination, create and develop the activity within him.

Sixth: To give him a knowledge of experiments and experiences of others.

Seventh: To present to the child in his early life, such subjects as nature, history, and science, we create an atmosphere and desire to want more, thus leading him to future growth and development.

2. Why tell stories rather than read them to children?

First: The child's attention is held by meeting the facial expression of the story teller.

Second: The thoughts are made clearer because the story teller feels the story better and therefore tells it with face and hands and eyes.

Third: A story must be made interesting in order to make a deep and vivid impression (dramatization does this).

Fourth: In telling a story we adapt it to the child's needs in language and words.

Fifth: In reading a story one is hampered by the necessity of watching the words and so loses power.

In telling a story it becomes real to the narrator, and so to the child, and the story teller's freedom (in all parts of the body) for expression enables him to give to the child what could not be put into printed words.

3. What to consider in choosing a story:

First: The season of the year and the occasion.

Second: The needs of the child, in class, in his home, and social life.

Third: Is the story educational?

Fourth: Is it full of action?

Fifth: Is it interesting?

Sixth: Does it appeal to the age of the child?

Seventh: Will it develop spirituality?

Eighth: What is the central truth? Does it meet the child's need? Is it clear? Does it appeal to the child?

4. Things to be considered in telling a story:

(a) Deal with the positive rather than the negative side. (b) In telling a story learn to affirm, not to deny. (c) Success depends upon the energy we put into the work. (d) Think of what we want to give. *Why, how and when.* (e) Talk and speak *plain, distinct*, and not too fast nor *slow; too loud nor low.* (f) Remember teachers' actions, manners and ways are reproduced by pupils. (g) Not too many explanations. (h) Use repetition; it is attractive in story, just as much so as in art or music. (i) Explanatory sentences help the child to understand your meaning.

Books containing helps for teachers.

"Page on Teaching," by W. H. Page, chapter 1. Fitness for teaching; chapter 2. Spirit of the teacher; chapter 3. Responsibility of teacher; chapter 4. Personal Habits of teacher.

"Mistakes in Teaching," by James L. Huges, chapter 1. Mistakes in Aims; chapter 2. Mistakes in Management; chapter 3. Mistakes in Discipline; chapter 4. Mistakes in Methods; chapter 5. Mistakes in Moral Training.

"Teachings of Jesus," by Geo. B. Stevens.

"Mottoes and Commentaries," by Friedrich Froebel, chapter 21. The Finger Piano.

"The Point of Contact in Teaching," by Patterson Du. Bois.

These books can be obtained from the Public Library.

The Judgment

By *Bertha A. Kleinman*

Sandy had been a great foot-racer. Yes, indeed, away back more moons than Yahala could count, he had raced on white men's tracks and traveled white men's circuits. Had he been a horse he would have been registered and his record become history. As it was he was just Sandy—a grizzled old Maricopa Indian, tucked away with a remnant of his tribe on the Salt River bottoms, housed and landed, but otherwise forgotten.

To the little red-skinned he would always be a wonder. He could tell great tales of white men's towns and white men's dwellings that reached up into the sky. He was always smily over his memories and the children loved to flock about him. It is true Vapaka was the medicine man and the authority on all things but he was stern and crabbed and the little folks preferred Sandy.

Yahala finished plaiting the last strand of her hair and flung the great braids over her shoulder where they hung to her knees. Then with a linnet call that could be heard far along the river banks she scurried away from the mud-hut that was her home. Another linnet answered from the cottonwoods and out plunged little Sivany, his bare feet trampling the saplings.

"I have them!" he cried. O wonder of wonders! The cage-trap had responded and four baby blackbirds were prisoned away from mother-love.

"Sh—" he whispered as Yahala drew near, "she is over there in the cat-tails, wailing and coaxing, and the young things will burst with the long screech. I shall give you one for your baby. The others shall go to the town for bounty. And the mother, too, will I trap for her saucy tongue."

Yahala's teeth flashed and she clenched her hands in the boy's hair.

"Let them go, you child with the Pahaka heart. Let them free," she cried. "Open the cage or I will rend it with my hands and fling the wreck into your face."

Sivany stepped back shocked and alarmed, but he clung to the cage with desperate strength. They were his captives. His skill had deceived them. The bounty, too, should be his.

"Off you wild one," he screamed, for she had fastened her teeth in his arm and though he beat upon her with his fist and wrenched and struggled she never relaxed the cruel hold until the cage fell from his arms. Then heedless to his cries she snatched it up and only the hunted hare could have out-raced her.

In the arrow-bush kitchen of her home he crept into the shelter of her mother's blanket.

"Hide it, O hide it from Sivany."

The squaw squatted over her task, pounding and grinding the seeds of the salt-bush upon the stone metate. Sivany was coming and she paused with the pestle upraised.

"Give back the cage," she said, "the bounty is good."

"No, no," answered Yahala, and she winged her flight for the near-by fields where her father and Sivany's were threshing the grain, flinging up the bundles high into the air that the chaff might blow off in tiny whirlwinds. Later, the squaw mothers would come with their woven plaques to husk and winnow out the finer stubble.

Yahala grasped her father's arm.

"Save them from Sivany—the helpless birds. See, he comes. Save them."

Her father regarded her sternly.

"Sivany is wise and apt," he said. "Give them back."

She thrust the cage before the other

thresher—Sivany's father who was always just and good. But he, too, shook his head.

"The bounty is good. I will take them to the town and you and Sivany shall share alike."

But she wrenched the cage from him and was gone, to Vapaka, the medicine man! She feared him, yet he should say. Sivany was close upon her and she flung herself into the tent.

"Shall the bird-babies die, O Vapaka?" she panted, the red blood throbbing in her throat and painting her lips with flame.

Vapaka folded his gaunt arms and looked sternly down upon her.

"The birds spoil the good grain. They must die."

She dare not question Vapaka but bowed her head and crumpled down upon her knees, covering the birds in her scant garments. Sivany, too, was silent in that great presence and stood sullenly by. But the storm in Yahala's heart was unabated. With angry eyes she faced Sivany.

"Take them, Pahaka-heart, they are yours, but I spit upon you."

Then snatching up his hand where her teeth had left their print, she held it up before Vapaka.

"I did it, punish me!"

"Yes, tonight, before the camp."

She shivered and went out.

"Sandy!" at the tent door he stood, waiting to raise the flapping canvas in formal greeting to Vapaka.

"Yahala—ofinga (child)—why tears and the angry lips?"

"It is too late," she cried, dashing the tears from her cheeks.

Then Sivany spoke, drawing near to the old man. "I will answer thee." And in simple words he told the story of the morning's capture.

"Bring hither the birds," said Sandy, "they too shall speak, and you, Sivany, shall interpret."

With the birds clinging at his feet, Sandy spoke again.

"How now, little birds, who made thy lives?"

And Sivany answered, "The great Earth Doctor."

"Where is thy home, thy shelter, thy food?"

"In the grain fields and the hedges."

"What is thy law and thy mission?"

"To live, to fly, to sing."

"Art wolf or hawk who would injure man?"

"Nay, nay, we harm no creature."

"What would you, little birds?"

"To live, only to live!"

It was enough. With contrite hands Sivany set his captives free. Then to Vapaka he turned, "Hast heard the judgment?"

"Vapaka bowed his head. "Sandy is wise."

The children gathered close to the old man, adoration for his wiping out all sullenness and hate.

"I angered her," cried Sivany, reaching out his arms to Vapaka in childish supplication. "I beat upon her. Punish me!"

Vapaka's eyes narrowed with meriment.

"To Sandy I commit the punishment."

And Sandy lead them away.

The Christmas Peace

F. H. Sweet

Sing holly now and mistletoe,

And all resentment from your heart;

Sing the accessories which show,

And in this joyous day have part;

Sing help to him who fain would wrong,

And good to him who would deride;

Lift up your heart in joy and song

And sing the Christ back to your side.



THE AMERICAN WILD TURKEY
The sort that looked good to Father Daillon

Notes on Our History

By *Delbert W. Parratt, B. S., Director in Utah State Historical Society.*

XXXV

BRULE'S LAST EXPERIENCES

Brule is said to have been the best "white Indian" of his day. His developed roving disposition seemed ill at ease with fellow Frenchmen. Whenever opportunity presented itself, he yielded to "the call of the wild" and lived among natives far to the west.

In the early part of 1625 he left Quebec and once more worked his long but familiar way back to the Hurons south of Georgian Bay. He was resolved, however, to push still further and learn the unknown wilderness stretching beyond to the southwest. His objective was evidently the Neutral nation, or Attiwandaron savages, of whom no doubt he had heard from the Hurons.

"There are," says Consul Willshire Butterfield," no particulars extant of Brule's journey to the Neutrals. That he explored the larger portion of their country lying to the westward of the

Niagara is evident. * * * He, it is believed, remained there until the next spring, and then returned to the St. Lawrence." It seems, nevertheless, that Brule's story relative to the hospitable Attiwandarons and their wonderful country excited an active interest in his listeners, among whom were some of those self-sacrificing Catholic missionaries diligently alert for new fields into which to carry the teachings and blessings of Christianity.

Father Joseph Daillon was one to hear Brule and so was his superior, Father de Caron. Shortly afterwards Father Daillon was delegated to labor with the Hurons. He lived among them for a while and was then persuaded to venture into even more distant parts. "I received a letter," writes Father Daillon, "from our Reverend Father, Joseph le Caron, by which he encouraged me to pass on to a nation we call 'Neutral,' of which the interpreter, Brule, told wonders.

Encouraged, then, by so good a Father, and the grand account given me of these people (by Brule), I started for their country, setting out from the Hurons with this design, October 18th, 1626, with men called Grenolle and Lavalee, Frenchmen by birth."

Further narration by the same author shows clearly that Brule's glowing account of this new territory was not overdrawn in the least. He continues: "The country of the Neutral nation is incomparably large, more beautiful and better than any other of all these countries. There is an incredible number of stags, great abundance of moose, or elk, beaver, wildcats, and black squirrels, * * * a great quantity of wild geese, turkeys, cranes, and other animals, which are there all winter. * * * The rivers furnish much excellent fish; the earth gives good grain, more than is needed. They have squashes, beans, and other vegetables in abundance."

While Brule, the missionaries, and other explorers were pushing into unknown parts surrounding our Great Lakes, important changes relating to the new country were being wrought in France. By 1627 the destinies of France and her possessions, including those of America, were under the complete control of Cardinal Richelieu. After constituting himself grand master of commerce and navigation, he abrogated all former agreements pertaining to American enterprises and formed a new monopoly consisting of "a hundred associates" known as the Company of New France. This new organization, headed by the Cardinal, succeeded in getting nigh on unlimited authority in matters relating to French holdings in America. Its control of the profitable fur business was made perpetual. "It could take whatever steps it might think expedient or proper for the protection of the colony and the fostering of trade." Champlain, we might add, was one of the hundred associates and, of course, was

to take an active part in directing the company's affairs on this side of the Atlantic.

Champlain, we recall, made his home at Quebec. The place at this time had a scanty population of about one hundred men, women, and children, and these represented almost the total population of French in America. The Company of New France readily saw its immediate problem. The first important move, therefore, was to increase the number of French inhabitants in the New World for the purpose of securing better trade conditions and more permanent French possession. In April, 1628, the first of the company's vessels set sail for America. These were heavily laden with home-seekers, adventurers, implements, and supplies. Splendid headway was made across the ocean and those aboard were happy in the prospect of early landing. Especially jubilant were they in the thought of soon distributing supplies to the anxiously awaiting and hard pressed colonists at Quebec. Little did they dream of meeting enemies as their proud vessels sailed toward their isolated countrymen. Imagine, then, the chilling surprise that must have shocked them as they suddenly came face to face with an armed squadron which demanded complete surrender.

For some time a storm had been brewing in western Europe. The persecution of Huguenots in France coupled with the firing zeal of Catholics in England stirred the British to determined action. Their first move was to dash across the Atlantic and conquer the French possessions in Canada. David Kirk was ordered to do this. His fleet reached Tadoussac on the St. Lawrence in due time and formal demand was sent on for the surrender of Quebec. Champlain, however, had already learned of the approaching squadron and thereupon resolved to make at least a strong show of defense. At such manifestations, Kirk decided to withdraw from

attacking what seemed such a formidable array of resistance.

As he was making from the fort he encountered the supply vessels of the Hundred Associates plowing slowly and happily toward Quebec. They, of

course, could do nothing but surrender to the aggressive war ships. Kirk confiscated all of the cargoes he wished, sank the vessels and their remaining contents, and then triumphantly headed for home.



THE ENGLISH AT QUEBEC, 1629
From an engraving made in 1698.

The settlers at Quebec, being deprived of their needed supplies, soon felt the hand of sore distress. By the end of May, 1629, the last supply of their food became exhausted. "Men, women, and children," writes Parkman, "betook themselves to the woods, gathering acorns and digging up roots. * * * * Some joined the Hurons or the Algonquins; some wandered towards the Abenakis of Maine; some descended in a boat to Gaspé, trusting to find a fishing vessel. There was scarcely one who would not have hailed the English as deliverers."

While these trying conditions were growing worse and worse, Kirk was hastening back from England with additional ships with which to subdue Champlain and his half-starved followers. As the fleet neared Quebec, four disheartened Frenchmen joined the British with the evident intention of bringing relief to their suffering countrymen. One of these was Stephen Brule.

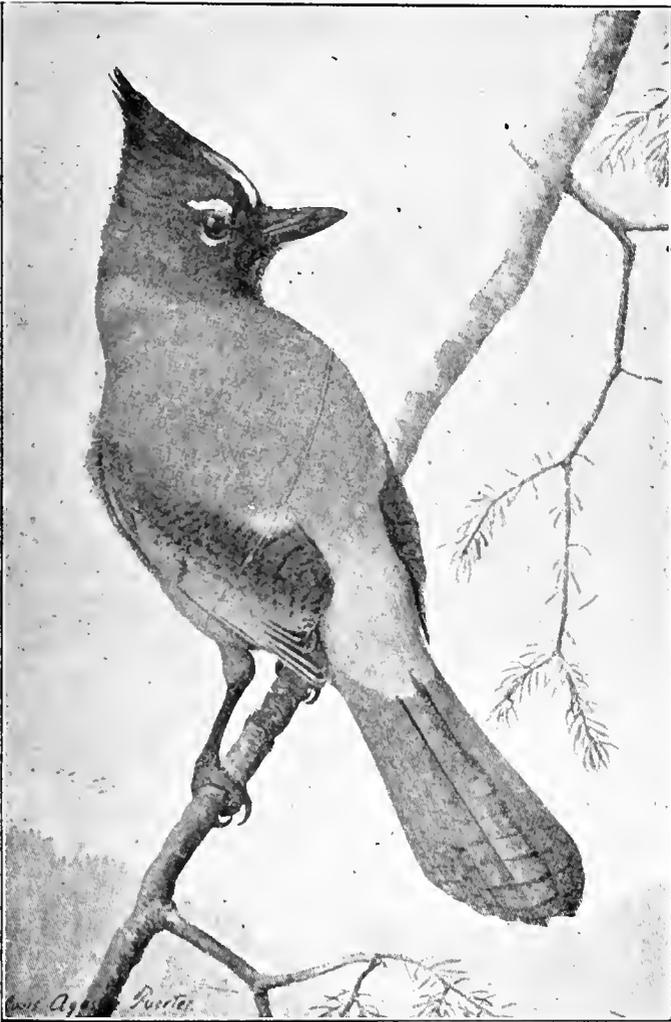
Kirk sent three of his ships in advance to ask Champlain to surrender, and Brule, well acquainted with the water course, acted as pilot. As most of the settlers were scattered through the wood and among Indian tribes in search of food, Champlain could offer but faint resistance and in consequence Quebec capitulated, thus giving England her first supremacy upon the famous St. Lawrence. "Thirteen of the French colonists, looking perhaps upon the change as a deliverance, were induced to live under British rule. Of these, there were seven who were of importance to the victors, because of their woodcraft and experience with the Indians." Brule, needless to say, was one of the seven. All the other Frenchmen, including Champlain, were declared prisoners and conveyed

by Kirk back to Europe. They were headed for France, but enroute called at England and there learned that a treaty of peace had already been signed by the warring nations. This treaty, under date of March 29, 1632, restored Canada to the French and on July 13 of the same year De Caen under French authority re-took possession of lonely Quebec.

Undoubtedly Brule was subjected to severe censure from fellow Frenchmen for the part he had taken in aiding the British vessels to reach Quebec, and this notwithstanding "they knew that capitulation saved the occupants from starvation." At any rate Brule seems to have felt ostracized by them and, besides, when they embarked for France he felt more lonesome than ever. In consequence he turned toward his old friends, the Hurons, with the apparent intention of resigning completely to "the call of the wilds" and spending his remaining days with the "children of the woods."

Finally, however, for some unknown cause, he aroused the savages at Toanche against him. At length he was condemned to death and, in accordance with customary rites then in vogue among Hurons, parts of his dead body were eaten by them. "Brule," concludes Sagard, "was killed and then eaten by the Hurons, whom he had so long served as interpreter; and all for the hatred which they bore him; but I do not know what offense he committed against them. There were many years that he was living among them, following the customs of the country and serving as interpreter; and all that he received as his reward was a painful death—a nefarious and unhappy end. I pray God to be merciful toward him, if it please Him, and have pity on his soul."

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—*Abraham Lincoln.*



THE LONG CRESTED JAY

(*Cyanura stelleri diademata*)

Special Characteristics.—Crest nearly twice the length of the bill. Tail moderately graduated; the lateral feathers about .60 of an inch shorter than the middle. Fourth and fifth quills longest; second shorter than the secondaries. Head all round, throat, and fore part of the breast, black, the crest with a gloss of blue; rest of back dark ashy brown, with gloss of greenish. Under parts, rump, tail **coverts**, and outer surfaces of primaries, greenish-blue; greater coverts, secondaries, and tertials, and upper surface of tail feathers bright blue, banded with black; forehead streaked with opaque white, passing behind into pale blue; a white patch over the eye. Chin grayish. Length, 12.50; wing, 5.85; tail, 5.85.

Distribution. Rocky mountain region from northern border of the United States to the table lands of Mexico.

The Long-Crested Jay

By Claude T. Barnes

When the evergreens are heavily laden with snow and the lowering hills and canyons are, almost to the valley, a glistening white; when the black

bear and the woodchuck are buried in winter-dreams and even the juncos have sought the weed seeds far below, what sound save that of the flip-

ping branches enters into the almost complete silence of the lofty pine grove? Not the howling jarble of the coyote, for he has sought the lowlands; shall we say the soft whistle of the dusky grouse, the stridulous call of the wild cat or the shrill, terrifying cry of the mountain lion? Possibly; but there it is now, the voice we hoped to hear; it pierces the still air clearly; it is the saucy, harsh, "chack-ah, chack-ah, chack-ah, chack" of the long-crested jay!

"The crested jaybird's shallow scream
Accentuates the ancient calm
That holds the mystery of a dream,
The sombre sweetness of a psalm."

There he hops on yonder pine; and what a lordly bird he is, dressed in his splendid plumage of deep, rich blue! And his crest—it is the insignia of royalty in the feathered kingdom. He does not mind the cold, and is happy with his meal of pine seed.

The Crow (*Corvidae*) family, to which our proud friend belongs, includes many magpies, crows and jays; but of them all none is more striking and more typical of the Wasatch mountains and the middle Rockies than the long-crested jay. Like others of his genus (*Cyanura*) his head is conspicuously crested; his large, nearly circular nostrils are concealed by bristles and his hind claw is actually longer than its digit; but the white spot over his eye and the streaking on his forehead are always conspicuous.

When first encountered in the wooded stretches of the upper canyons, the jay seems shy and suspicious of the intruder; yet, overcome by a curiosity akin to that of an antelope, he, nevertheless, hovers near, pertinaciously watching the movements of the stranger and even seeming to delight in giving his rasping alarm to

all denizens of the wilds that a man has encroached upon their retreat.

The jay is a bird of arboreal habits. In feeding it seems always to begin at the lower branches of a pine and ascend, hopping from twig to twig to the highest point, all the while uttering its harsh, screaming note that may be heard for a long distance.

It seems to be omnivorous, eating either animal or vegetable food, though probably preferring eggs, larvæ, and worms, whenever procurable. Grasshoppers, caterpillars, scale insects, and pine seeds enter regularly into its fare and it even lays up large stores of acorns for food in winter.

It is a rollicking, care-free bird, possessed of such wonderful power of mimicry that it frequently scares all the little birds to cover with the imitated screeches of the sparrow or the red-shouldered hawk. It is the embodiment of restlessness, and by sheer impudence attracts attention from most of the living things about it.

Though Woodhouse jays congregate, the long-crested species are generally seen alone or in small companies. Furthermore, the long-crested jay is always shy, vigilant, noisy and tyrannical.

Its nest, usually saddled on a horizontal branch of a fir tree, is composed of strong sticks over which it constructed a solid plastering of mud, concave in shape, lined with fine wiry roots and moss. The exterior is about nine inches wide and four inches high.

The eggs, 1.30 in length, number from three to six; and are of a light sea-green color, sparingly spotted with fine markings of dark olive brown with cloudings of purplish and violet brown.

Mischievous, tyrannical, noisy, suspicious, and shy, the long-crested jay is nevertheless handsome, useful, and interesting—a bright relief to our all too sombre wilds.

"Never make a plan without seeking God's guidance; never achieve a success without giving God the praise."



Ugly Jim's Christmas

By Annie Malin

It was Christmas Eve, and Jim, the bootblack, looked keenly about for a chance customer. The majority of the men who passed were too much occupied with their own affairs to pay much attention to the poor bootblack. "Ugly Jim," the street urchins called him, and certainly with his crooked back and scarred face he could scarcely be called handsome, even by his best friends, if such he had, now that his old grandmother was gone. Still, there was one who had shown him more than passing kindness, and that one was a teacher in a Sabbath School to which somehow he had found his way. She had noted the steady gray eyes and firm chin, likewise the broad brow, marked though it was with a scar received in the fall which had injured his back.

As he waited there in the cold wind of the December night, he noticed a small boy in the act of snatching a package from the back of a delivery wagon which stood near the sidewalk, and stepping quickly forward he caught the child by the arm. "Looky here, kid," he said sharply, "don't yer know better than to try that game? You sure'll spend yer Christmas day in jail if ver don't look out."

The little fellow raised his eyes to the scarred face.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Jim," he said sullenly, "You're in bizness fer yourself, and can earn money. I've only earned a quarter today, an' tomorrow's Christmas," and

then, with a little flash of pride, he concluded, "I didn't want it fer myself, anyhow; I was goin' to give it to mother."

Ugly Jim looked at the boy sternly. "Yer mother'd ruther starve than have yer steal, kid; don't yer ever fer-git that."

All this time he had held the boy by the arm, and before loosening his hold he said, "Looky here kid, yer sure do need a gardeen an' from this on I'm him. Now you listen to me: I've got no one dependin' on me, who've you got?"

"I've got mother and the baby, and it's been sick, so mother couldn't finish her sewin', and there's nuthin' in the house to eat, and mother 'don't know what to do."

By this time the boy was crying, and Jim said softly, "never mind, kid, I'm alone in the world, an' I'll help yer mother. Now yer can jest stay here an' watch me shine this gent's shoes; he's a friend of mine, an' he'll sure want a shine. I'm a perffessor, wearin' the letters H. B. B., after my name, the same letters standin' fer Honest Boot-Black, an' let me tell yer this, my young friend, them letters was earned honer'bly, too. I'm a reg'lar gradooate, I am."

"Shine 'em up," "Want a shine sir?" Jim's steady 'patron stopped, to Jim's joy, and he was soon hard at work, being very careful to live up to his boasted reputation.

When the job was finished, the gentleman, with a pleasant smile and a "Merry Christmas, Jim," handed the boy a silver dollar, telling him to keep the change.

Jim looked at the money and then at his young companion. "Ain't he a regular gent?" he asked admiringly. "That means some Christmas dinner, kid."

"Say, Jim," asked the boy, curiosity promoting the question, "What do you need to take so much pains with the heels fer; he didn't even look at 'em."

Jim looked at the boy a moment and then with a queer little smile he replied,

"Why yer see, I'm a watin' fer the King."

"King nuthin'!" was the scornful rejoinder. "There ain't no kings in this country. That feller what give yer the dollar comes the nearest to it, though."

"Shine 'em up! Shine 'em up," rang out Jim's shrill voice again, and soon another quarter was added to his treasured capital.

After this customer had departed, Jim went on with his explanation: "It's like this," he said; "the Sunday School teacher where I'm a reg'lar, told us that we must do our dooty,—that is our very best—an' what we ort to do, yer know, in everythin' we undertake, 'cause some time when we least expect Him, the King will pass along an' look at our work. So every time a customer comes along, I says to myself, "Now maybe that's Him, Jim, do yer level best."

"But Jim," persisted the boy, "there ain't no kings."

"Shucks, kid," said Jim gravely, "yer sure must go to Sunday School; teacher didn't mean no common king, she meant the One that sets on a great white throne up in Heaven, an' judges the guys who don't shine honest. Yer bet when I stand there before Him I don't want Him to call me a dishonest servant—not me."

Ugly Jim straightened his crooked back as well as he could, raising his head high.

Poor Teddy lowered his eyes, as he said, "Oh, yer mean God."

"Well Jim, I didn't take the package, now did I? An' I'm mighty glad I didn't."

"No, yer didn't," answered Jim, "but the teacher says we're judged sometimes by our intensions, so you'd best look sharp, Ted—yer can't fool Him."

Between whiles the familiar cry had rung out repeatedly and Jim's pocket felt heavy enough for that youth to go over in his mind the things which he intended to buy for the Christmas dinner he had promised his companion.

At last, when he gave up hopes of any more customers he put away his brushes and made ready to depart.

"Yer see, kid," he said presently, "teacher says the real Christmas spirit comes only to the one that gives unselfishly, an' I'm just selfish enough to want to feel that spirit once, so yer can jest tell me what yer ma an' the baby need most."

"She needs 'most everything," was the candid answer—"coal an' wood, an' bread, an' milk for the baby, an' all sech things, Jim. There won't be any left for Christmas fixin's."

"That's sure a large order," said Jim, reflectively. "Seems like a case fer calkerlashum. I tell yer what we'll do," he continued, "you take some bread an' milk home now an' I'll come later with the rest, jest like a reg'lar Santy Claus."

So the happy Teddy went on to relieve the mind of his mother, and take the bread and milk for their supper, late though it was.

As he climbed the rickety stairs that led to the tumble-down apartment, a door opened and a woman's troubled face looked out, clearing as she recognized her boy.

"Why Teddy, dear, how late you are!" she said, drawing him into the shabby room, "and you have brought food, too?" Then, as a sudden fear entered her mind, she asked, "You got it honestly, Teddy?"

The boy's evident excitement had caused the fear, and when he answered her in the affirmative she drew a long breath.

She sat down, and took him in her arms, "What is it, dear? tell mother all about it."

When the story was told, and the temptation confessed, she kissed him tenderly, "Thank God for the friend He raised up for you, my boy," she said, "never forget the lesson taught you this night. Who is this boy you call Jim, and where is he? I must thank him before I eat or sleep."

"He's jest Jim," said Teddy, an' he lives all alone; he said so, an' oh, mother, let's have him live with us. I jist know he'd love to, an' then he'd have somethin' to come home to at night;" but, as an afterthought came, "maybe sister would cry if he took her." He went on: "He's comin' later; he said so—then you can see him yerself. They call him Ugly Jim, you know."

Soon they heard a step on the stairs and a knock at the door, and then Ugly Jim stood in the presence of Teddy's mother.

With words of gratitude she drew him into the room, and after a searching glance at the steady gray eyes, alight with the joy of the moment, she said:

"Welcome home, my son. From now on I have two boys," and she pressed a kiss on the scarred brow.

The face of the boot-black was transfigured with a great joy as he stood there before her, but Teddy saved the day. He ran to the bed and taking the baby up placed her in Jim's awkward arms.

"There she is, Jim; the darlinest little sister that ever was; let's see if she's afraid of you."

A look of fear passed over Jim's face but the baby, with a gentle coo, placed a tiny hand on each side of his face and pressed a rosy cheek against

his, and by that action adopted him into the family.

And there we will leave him, happy in the joy of loving and being loved, still doing his duty as he sees it, and calmly waiting for the King to pass.

What Santa Brought

By Grace Ingles Frost

Dess what Santa bwot to me,
T'wasn't on a Twismas Twee,
'Taus my muvver to me said—
"You tan't have one 'is year, Ned.
Han' your socts 'trost daddy's chair,
Santa Taus 'ill find 'em there."

But I 'est tood not feel glad.
Somefing inside hurted bad,
'Taus I toodn't understand
Why Wob B'own an' Muif Mowand,
What lives 'est atrost the woad,
Tood have twees an' sech a load
Of fings to make 'em happy be,
When nussing pwetty tūmed to me.

But, when Twistmas tūmed at last,
I waked up, oh! 'est as fast,
But 'fore I dot out of bed,
Daddy talled to me and said—
"Tum to muvver's woom 'is mittit,
An' see what Santa Taus left in it."
An' I turned, and oh, my! my!
I heard sech a funny twy.
Tan't you dess what Santa bwot?
Somefing what I never fwot,
Est the bestest dift of all,
If it was so wed an' small;
Santa left a 'ittle bwuvver,
For me, tuddled up by muvver.

When Johnny Disobeyed

By C. W. Bacon.

"Don't go into the meal room," said mama.

"Keep out of the meal room," said grandpa.

"You mustn't go in there," said the hired man.



Now little Johnny was only six years old and had not learned to obey very well. When he was told not to do anything, he always said, "Why can't I?"

"Why can't I go into the meal room?" he asked. And the answer was, "You mustn't."

Little Johnny and his mama were visiting grandpapa and grandmama at his grandpapa's farm, and he was allowed to play in the barn, where the horses and cows and oxen stood in the stalls under the hay mows, and the pigs wallowed and grunted in their pen in the cellar below.

He was allowed to go anywhere in the barn except the meal room. The reason why he was forbidden to go there was because that room was just over the deep barn cistern which was full of water for the horses and cows. There was a hole in the floor above the cistern. Grandpapa and the hired man got the water by letting down buckets and pails through this hole, which was covered up when they were not using it.

Now little Johnny could not see why

he was forbidden to go into the meal room and he played near the door every day and kept looking into it and longing to go in.

One day he did go in and looked all around and put his fingers deep down into the meal chest and let the soft meal run over his hands. Then he heard the rattling of the great hay wagon and ran to the door of the meal room to see the horses pull the great load of sweet hay through the wide open doors.

But as he ran, he happened to step on the wooden cover of the cistern hole. The cover tipped up and down he went into the deep, cold water. His little fingers caught at the side of the cistern hole as he came up and he hung there screaming.

The hired man was busy, pitching the hay from the wagon up to the mow, and the horses made such a noise, stamping upon the barn floor, that little Johnny's cries were not heard at first and his arms soon grew so lame and tired that he felt as if he could not hold on a minute longer.

But at last the hired man heard him,

and jumped down from the hay wagon, ran into the meal room, and pulled the little boy out just in time to save him from being drowned.

Wet and shivering with cold, little Johnny was carried into the house where his mama and grandmama undressed him, rubbed him dry, wrapped him up in flannel, and put him to bed.

"Johnny," said his mama, "our little boy came near to being drowned in the

deep cistern, because he went into the meal room when he was told not to go there."

Mama was so much frightened at the danger which little Johnny had been in that she cried as she spoke to him. Little Johnny cried, too, and he put his arms around mama's neck and hugged her tight and said: "Oh! mama, I'll never, never again do anything you tell me not to do."

Ho, There!

By L. Lula Greene Richards.

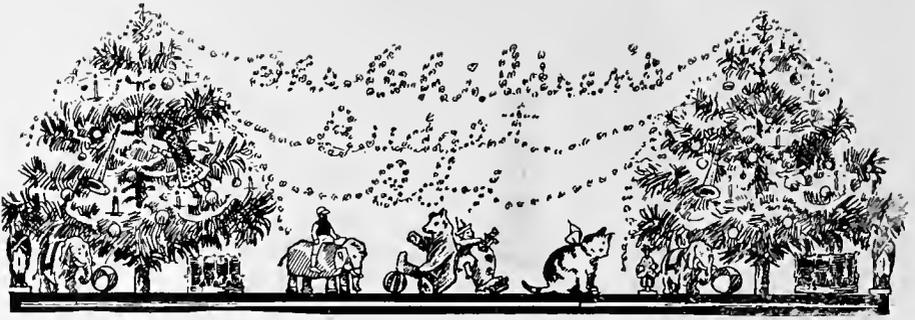
"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Jesus.

When I am made the Governor
Of this big State of ours,
The poor shall ride in autos, too,
And all have lots of flowers.
When some think this and others that,
With care I'll judge between,
And grant no favors to the one
Who calls a good man mean.

My father says—and father knows,
And always keeps his place—
The best men say no ugly things
Of any in the race.
And father says the man who makes
His brother seem a fool
Is far from being wise himself,
And breaks the Golden Rule.

If I'm so good a Governor
They'll make me President
Of all our free, broad, glorious land,
I'll teach them what is meant—
At least I'll try to show them that
The main spring and the soul
Of good, successful, government
Are born of self-control.





The First Christmas

He was born in a lowly manger,
The Lord and king of all;
The Star shone bright in the heavens,
'Twas the baby in a stall.

The shepherds saw an angel
Coming down from the sky.
He said, "Behold I bring good tid-
ings,
For Christ the Lord is nigh."

The shepherds left their flocks,
Nor sought the child in vain;
They found Him in the manger,
All glory to His name.

Rosanna Lyman,
Age 12. Taft, Utah.

Mother

My mother is so good, so good,
I could not pay her if I would;
She shows me always the path to take
And she never, never makes a mistake.

My mother works hard all the day
While I do nothing else but play.
She darns my stockings, mends my
clothes,
And does other things of which no-
body knows.

My mother does so many things;
She washes the dishes and always
sings;
She does all the sewing and sweeps
the floors
While I am playing out of doors.

My mother makes all my dresses,
She soothes my fears with sweet ca-
resses;
She sings and sings, and is so gay
I would like to be like her in every
way.

Dorothy Peck,
Age 10. Hooper, Utah.

Mother Love

Oh, what is so sweet as a mother's
smile,

When cross and tired you come
from play?

What is so sweet as a mother's word,
As she greets you at the close of
day?

What is so sweet as a mother's touch,
As she tends to your bruises and
sores?

What is so sweet as a mother's lap,
When the wind is howling out
doors?

What is so sweet as a mother's face,
When the trials of life go wrong?

What is so sweet as a mother's voice,
As she sings you the lullaby song?

What is so sweet as a mother's care,
As she watches o'er you night and
day?

What is so sweet as a mother's love,
As you journey on life's long way?

Elsie Thatcher,
Age 16. Challis, Idaho.

The Meadow

The meadow is all covered with
flowers and grass. The birds fly above
it and the blue sky is over it. But in
winter the snow covers the meadow

and it is very cold and dreary there.
But when spring comes the flowers are
all over it. And a beautiful little
stream that runs through it is so clear
you can see your face in it.

Myrtle M. Rees,
575 Mansfield Ave.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Age 7.

Wond'ring wise men looked and saw it
As it filled the earth with light,
And they turned their faces forward
Toward the new-born King that
night.

On the plains beneath the starlight
Shepherds heard the angels sing.
Heard the angels sing hosannas
To the new-born heavenly King.

Both the wise men and the shepherds
Were led safely to the place
Where the little Babe lay sleeping
With a smile upon his face.

At his feet they laid their presents ;
And now, Dolly, you can see
Why each Christmas brings us pres-
ents,
And why you were brought to me.
Aretta Woodbury.

Age 13.

View, Idaho.



Lavera Lee

Age 14.

Afton, Wyo.

The First Christmas

Come, dear Dolly, I've a story
That I want to tell you now.
If you'll listen and be quiet,
I will try to tell you how

Years ago within a manger
Lay a little Babe one night.
All the stars were shining clearly,
But one shone so very bright.



Ruth Harper.

Age 13.

Rigby, Idaho.



Gwendolyn Brown

Age 13. 111 E. Fifth N., Provo.

The Christmas Tree

See, oh see! the Christmas tree!
 Things are on it for you and me.
 On the top is the star so high,
 Pointing upward toward the sky.

Next comes Millie's big red top,
 See! It's about to come loose and drop.
 Then you see the big sleepy dolls
 These are Alice's and Moll's.

There hangs the music box so square;
 Behind it, stands a teddy bear.
 See the monkey run up the string,
 He just likes to chase everything.

And oh! the drums and things for
 boys

That make a most unearthly noise.

The thing that goes toot! toot! toot!
 toot!

Is Fred's big noisy, purple flute.

And a dog that nods his head
 Is hanging by the dollie's bed.
 Candies, nuts, marbles, books and toys,
 Are waiting here for girls and boys.
 Marie Sorensen,
 Mt. Carmel, Utah.

Age 13.

Old Jack Frost

Jack Frost came over the hill last night,
 And nipped my Gladioli with all his
 might.

He's the boldest old fellow I ever did
 see,

I don't like him, and he don't like me.

He's always playing a trick on my
 flowers,

He stands and torments them, for
 hours and hours,

If I could catch him I know what I'd
 do,

I'd give him a good sound whack—
 wouldn't you?

All he is made for is mischief and
 tease,

He makes the little children shiver and
 freeze;

But yet when I think of the frolic he
 brings,

I'm quite willing to look over the worst
 of things.

Miss Fay Miner,
 Box 195, Fairview, Utah.

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 must be on plain white paper, and must
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Address: The Children's Budget Box,
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 ple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.



Willie's Dream

With little bare feet and cheeks of red,
 As happy as could be,
 He toddled off to his little bed
 And dreamed of the Christmas tree.

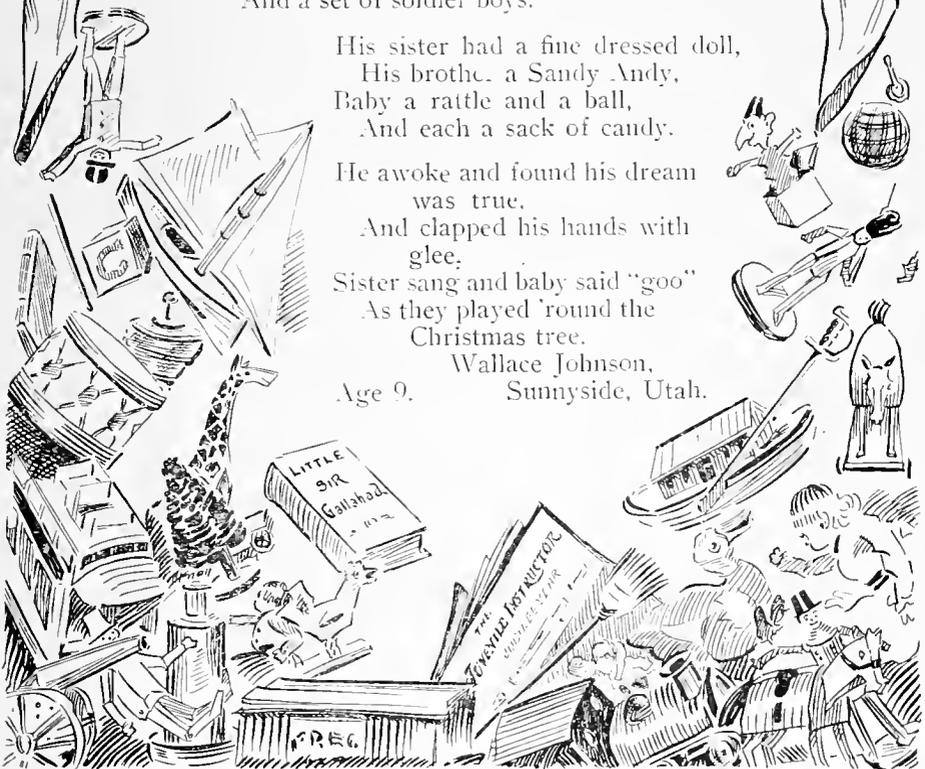
The Christmas tree, with candles bright,
 And oh, such lovely toys!
 A gyroscope top and a bird-like kite,
 And a set of soldier boys.

His sister had a fine dressed doll,
 His brothe. a Sandy Andy,
 Baby a rattle and a ball,
 And each a sack of candy.

He awoke and found his dream
 was true.

And clapped his hands with
 glee,
 Sister sang and baby said "goo"
 As they played 'round the
 Christmas tree.

Wallace Johnson,
 Age 9. Sunnyside, Utah.





His Opinion

"Miserly offered the man who saved his life half a dollar."

"Did the man accept it?"

"Yes, but he handed Miserly twenty cents change."

What the Cricket Needed

A three-year-old boy became interested in a peculiar noise, and asked what it was.

"A cricket, dear," replied his mother.

"Well," remarked the little chap, "he ought to get himself oiled."

Modesty Forbids!

"Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?" asked his uncle.

"I'd like to tell you," answered Bobby, modestly, "only Father says I must not boast."

Some Fat

"What has become of the big man who used to beat the bass drum?" once asked a returning citizen of the leader of the band.

"He left us more than a year ago," was the answer.

"Good man, wasn't he?"

"Sure, an excellent man, but he got so fat that when he marched he couldn't hit the drum."

First Lessons

"What is a man-of-war?" said a teacher to his class.

"A cruiser," was the prompt reply.

"What makes it go?"

"Its screw, sir."

"Who goes with it?"

"Its crew, sir."—Sailor's Magazine.

Teacher: "Johnny, can you tell how iron was first discovered?"

Johnny: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point."

Johnny: "I heard my father say yesterday that they smelt it."—Exchange.

Just Deserts

Wife: "This paper tells of a man out in Ohio who lives on onions alone."

Hub.: "Well, any one who lives on onions ought to live alone."—Boston Transcript.

A Mouse Shave

Wife: "Mercy; What's the matter with your face. You look as though you'd been in a battle."

Hub.: "I was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

Couldn't Fool Him

It was a fast one that hit Biggs on top of the head and the ball, bounding high, was caught by the catcher just as the umpire awoke from his nap.

"You're out!" yelled the "umps."

"But it hit me on the head," gasped Biggs.

"Mebbe I didn't see where it hit, but I knows the sound of wood when I hears it, and out you goes."

How it Happened

Mrs. Flatleigh: "John, the janitor discovered this morning why we had no heat last winter."

Mr. Flatleigh: "Indeed?"

Mrs. Flatleigh: "Yes, he wanted to burn some papers this morning and discovered that there is no furance in the building."—Puck.

A Gentle Hint

"It's going to be war to the knife," declared the suburban man who was feeding his chickens.

"What now?" asked the friend.

"Why, Blinks sent me a box of axle grease and advised me to use it on my lawn mower."

"Yes?"

"Well, I sent it back and told him to use it on his daughter's voice."

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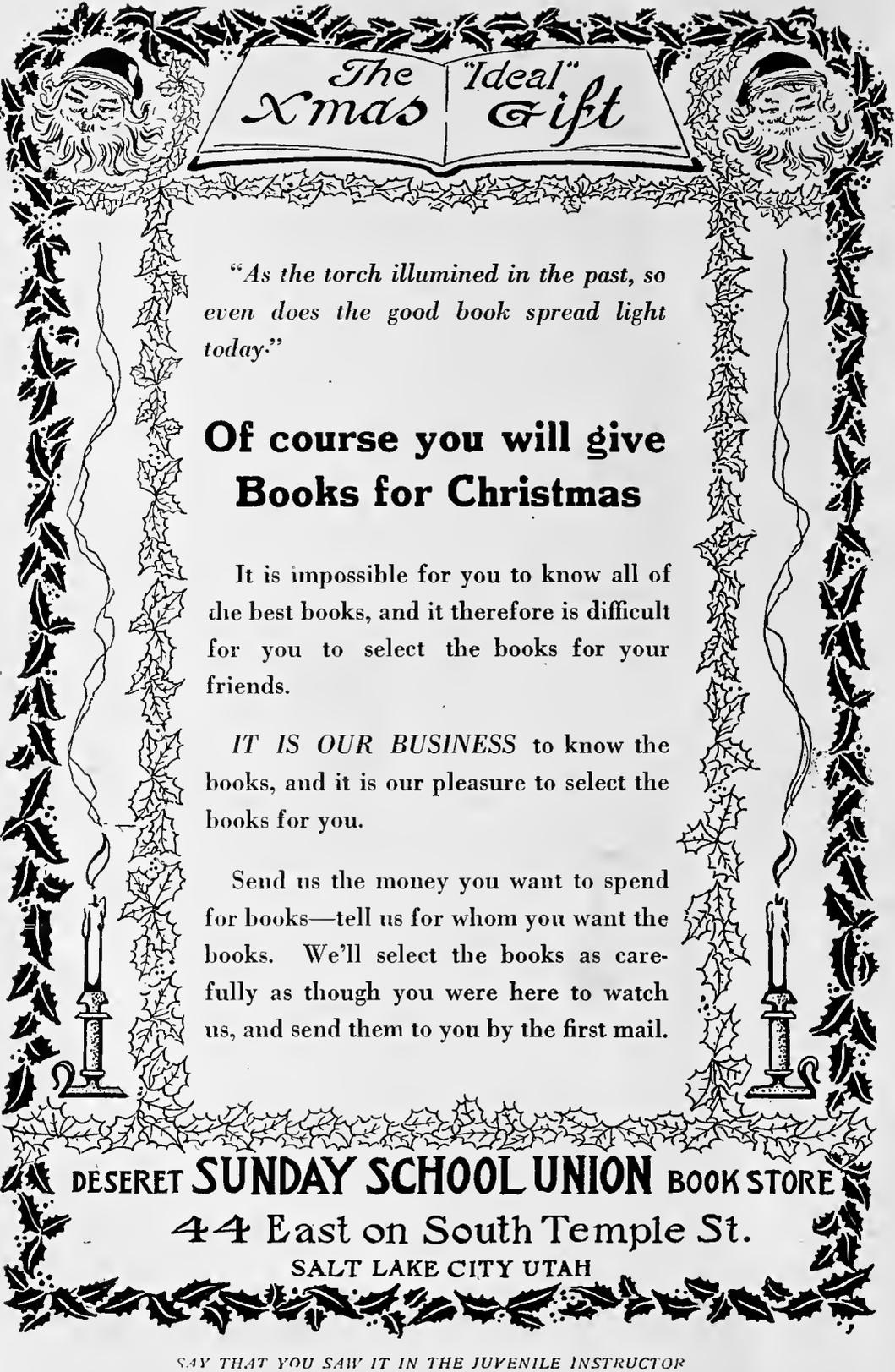
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The JUVENILE is the Sunday School worker's text book. However, not so much space will be given to

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The colored picture covers for next year will be: January, "Comrades;" February, "Horses and Dogs;" March, "You Mustn't Listen;" April, "Sweethearts;" May, "Daddy's Boy;" June, "Poppies;" July, "For National Defense;" August, "Going for the Big Ones;" September, "Bit of Old Scotland;" October, "Boy with Dog;" November, "Sisters;" December, "Christmas Money."

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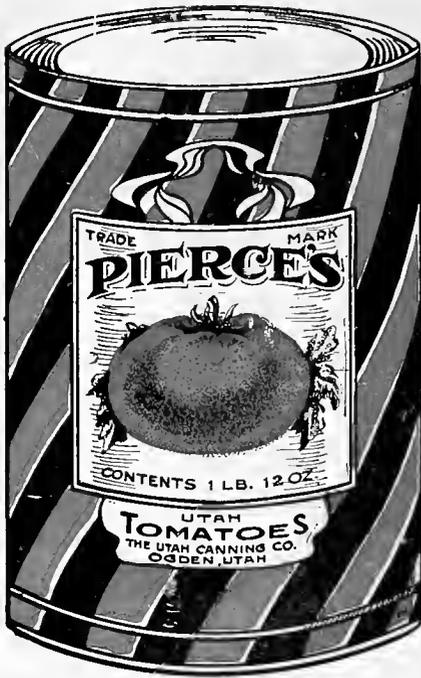
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